THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

...ated Weekly Magazine
...1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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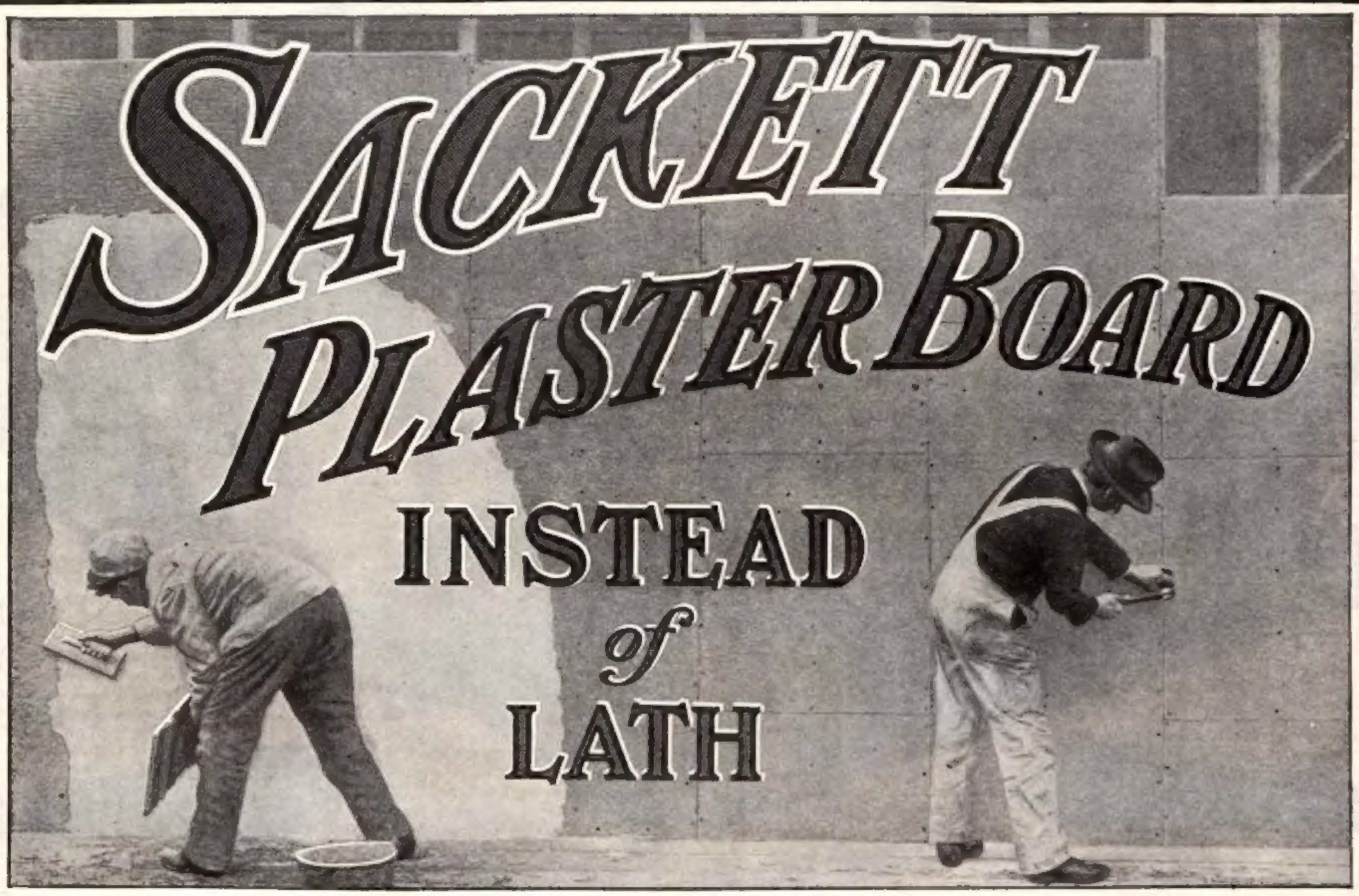

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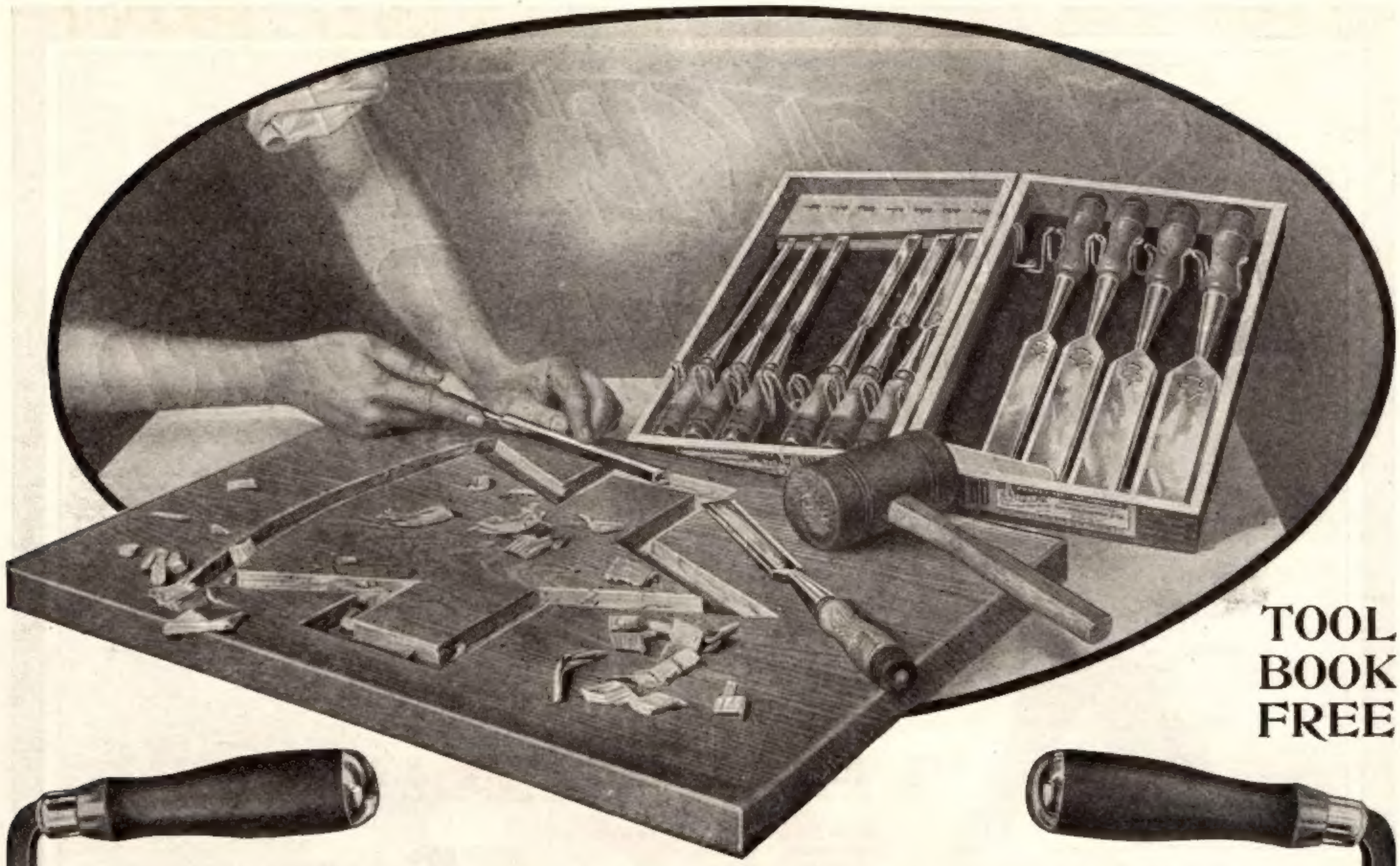

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Hughes—A Potential President

BY SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ALTHOUGH every machine Republican in the State will deny the assertion with screams of rage, Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York, is human. He knows that every American-born Governor of New York is a potential President. Wherefore, being human, he has an idea he may be President himself, and he is not displeased over the prospect.

Hughes is a non-partisan partisan. He is an impolitic politician. He has laid down for himself certain lines of gubernatorial procedure, differing widely from the lines of his predecessors, but nicely balanced with a view to present results and future contingencies. He is shooting with a double-barreled gun. In the strict sense, he is in no way a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1908—that is, he is not using his office to attain that end, nor is he building up a Hughes organization or establishing himself as boss. He is a sort of a platonic Republican—friendly, but not fervid. If the Republicans can get any credit for his acts as Governor, Mr. Hughes will not protest. He will be rather pleased, in fact; but he will take no step for the express purpose of getting credit for the party. It must be satisfied with what it obtains in the way of reflected glory. The personality of party leaders is of no consequence to him. He will do nothing for Jones or Robinson because Jones is Jones or Robinson is Robinson, war-horses or wheel-horses, but he is willing to do something at the request of either if they ask it as a matter of public good, and prove it.

They call Hughes "the people's Governor" in New York State, and the designation is apt. Certainly, he is not a politicians' Governor, for no politician wanted him nominated, and none was enthusiastic about electing him. Hughes is under no delusion about his nomination. He knows he was selected at Saratoga because the party leaders couldn't help themselves. He is beholden to nobody but the people, and, being in that situation, he can do what he pleases, unhampered by strings, chains or collar.

The Hughes argument as to procedure and future is a simple one. It runs like this: Hughes conducted the gas and insurance investigations. He proceeded on business lines. He played no politics. He went after results, and got them. The reward was the entire approbation of the people and the demand for his nomination as Governor that could not be beaten down by the politicians. Now, if these investigations, conducted on business lines, culminated in his election as Governor, will not an administration of the affairs of New York, conducted on the same lines, culminate in a nomination and election as President? The Hughes answer to this Hughes proposition is that such a reward is waiting for such an administration. Hughes has set sail according to this chart. He is not deviating from the markings he made himself. Intensely engrossed in the present, working with no apparent end in view save as good an administration as he can give the people who selected him as Governor, he is not unmindful of the prize 1908 may hold, and, inasmuch as his course is strictly to his liking, his work is not difficult.

There have been various attempts to hold Hughes up as a man with no ambition beyond his work in hand. No man but a small man could proceed that way. Hughes has ambitions. Moreover, he is shrewd, far-seeing and clever. He has developed from a bookish lawyer's lawyer to a man who can circulate and does circulate, with no loss to himself by attrition. He is not losing any opportunity to impress his views on the public. He realizes the value of publicity. If the lightning comes his way the lightning rod will be found erect and with polished tip. In the mean time, the logical mind that worked out the markings on the Hughes chart will apply itself to the problems at hand, quite confident that, with the help already given, and to be supplied from time to time, the future will produce what is most desired.

A business administration has been promised in New York many times. Governor after Governor has proclaimed that his would be a term where nothing but the greatest good to the greatest number, irrespective of politics, would be considered. The politicians have listened and grinned. They knew what claptrap it all was. After the highfalutin promises had been made and the Governor was warm in his chair, full of high and holy resolve, the pressure was put on. That unhappy man was reminded of what was done for him, of what could be done for him, of what could be done to him, and of what he owed to the organization. They all capitulated, although some of them showed more independence than others.

The politicians grinned when Hughes said his was to be a business administration—grinned and brushed the dust off the thumbscrews. They waited for an opportunity to impress themselves on him, to get the plums for themselves because the organization must be supported, and they were the organization. After the congratulatory telegrams were in and the message had been read and discussed, one or two of the old State leaders walked up to the Governor's room in the Capitol and started in:

"Governor," they said, "we should like to have so and so done."

"Why?" asked the Governor.

"Because the organization desires it."

"What organization?"

"The Republican organization."

"I do not intend to do it."

"But the organization, Governor, the leaders in the party, all want this."

"Gentlemen," replied the Governor, thumping on his desk, "I am not responsible to the Republican organization for my election as Governor. I am not responsible to any party leader, or all the party leaders, for that election. I am responsible solely to the people. I have heard no demand from the people for this thing you ask. I shall not do it."

"But, Governor, the organization—it must be preserved—we need this ——"

"Good-afternoon," said Hughes.

The party leaders walked down the steps. "It's too early yet," they explained. "We'll have to try again in a few days. They all act like that at first."

They waited. At the end of a week they went in again. "Governor," they said, "you remember that little matter we were talking about a few days ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, we have discussed it with the leaders and they are unanimous in saying it should be done. The organization needs it."

Hughes did not reply. He simply looked at the leaders and remarked: "Good-afternoon."

It was chilly outside the executive chamber for those leaders. They shivered in the hall. "Maybe he does mean it," said one.

"Impossible," the other replied. "We must wait a little."

They waited. Then they went up again. The Governor was at his desk. There were a number of people in the room. He saw the two leaders and smiled his peculiar smile that peels his upper lip back and shows his big, white teeth beneath. "Not on that same quest, I hope, gentlemen?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Well—you see, Governor—the organi——"

"Good-afternoon," snapped the Governor, turning to a visitor who stood beside his desk. The party leaders shifted from one foot to another for a few moments, and went out. This time it was below zero in the hall, with all the cold-wave signals flying and no relief in sight.

"Is it true?" asked one.

"Seems to be," replied the other.

The word was passed. It was given out, secretly, that the Governor was having no dealings with the organization, that the old party leaders were mere persons to him, and that their trappings as State committeemen and local bosses and powers in the party and all that made no impression on him except to cause him to laugh.

Still, the organization did not purpose to quit without a struggle. Leader after leader was selected to go to the Governor and plead with him. Nothing happened—that is,

PHOTO. BY GUSTAVE LOEW, ALBANY, N. Y.

The Governor's Office, Out in the Open, with No Whispering Facilities

nothing that assuaged the grief of the party leaders. The Governor was pleasant and polite, but he promised nothing and he gave nothing. He listened once and made his reply. He would not listen a second time. It did not dawn on the party leaders for days that when Mr. Hughes said "No!" he meant just that. It was a new experience, and painful.

"Twenty-Three" for the Tireless Patriots

THEY tried another tack. They named men for two important posts the Governor had to fill. It was announced to the Governor that he owed the suggested appointments to those brave and tireless patriots who had been in the forefront of the fight for him. The Governor harked back to the election returns, and laughed again. Then he made his appointments, and the party leaders were so aghast that they couldn't talk intelligibly for two days. The Governor of the State of New York, elected on the Republican ticket and nominated at a regular Republican convention, had actually had the temerity to pick out men himself for office and name them off his own bat! It was incomprehensible, but it was also so true that the party leaders began running around in circles and uttering loud, but inarticulate, cries, which inconclusive occupation has become chronic with them, for the Governor has changed neither his mind nor his methods.

Some of the leaders made another venture. It has been customary to go to the Governor, in New York and elsewhere, and ask him how he wants certain bills drawn. If the Governor has any project in mind he is supposed to draft the bill for it, practically, and the time-servers in the Legislature, who want their own local bills signed, have always tried to curry favor by getting suggestions from the Governor as to text of proposed laws.

They went to Hughes, with memorandum-books in hand. "Now, Governor," they said suavely, "if you will tell us exactly how you want these bills drawn, so they will meet with your approval, we will have them drafted, and then you can revise them and we will pass them."

Governor Hughes' eyes blazed at this. He saw through the little trick in a moment. "Gentlemen," he replied, "I am not here to tell you how to draw your bills. I am not here to dictate the form or fashion of bills that are to be passed by the Legislature. I have nothing to say about that. When your bills have been passed and come to me in the regular way I will consider them, and not before. Go ahead and draw your own bills. If they do not fit in with my ideas of what they should be you will get that information after the bills have been passed, not before. Do you understand?"

They understood. Word was passed through Albany, to New York, to Buffalo, everywhere, that New York had a Governor who was a real Governor, playing the game himself, responsible to nobody but the people, and utterly oblivious of the claims, protestations or threats of the politicians. The members of the Legislature and the party leaders swarmed in the Ten Eyck Hotel, and chattered, and shook their fists, and imprecated, and despaired of the Empire State; but the Governor kept along in his own way, and was mighty cheerful about it.

The Little Inner Room at Albany

THE executive office in that ornate ruin the people of New York call their Capitol is a large room, paneled in mahogany and most expensively furnished. It is hung with oil paintings of former Governors, the picture of President Roosevelt being full length and placed almost across from the desk allotted to the Governor. Back of this office is a smaller room and back of that a smaller room still. The second room has been used by the secretaries to the Governor, and the third, or inside room of the three, by the Governor himself.

This inside room is long and narrow, with a fireplace at one end and a door at the other. That door opens to the corridor. Hitherto it has been possible for any politician who had the proper knock to slide in through that door, see the Governor, state his business, and slide out again, with no one, except the private secretary, the wiser. The big executive office has been used mostly for receiving delegations and shaking hands with visitors. The Governor has secluded himself in this little room, and there all the jobs have been put up and the organization protected and fostered.

The persons who planned the Capitol knew the ways of Governors well enough to make this little room accessible from the outside and secluded from the inside. They knew Governors most desire privacy and that many people must be seen when the talk can be in whispers only, with furtive glances over the shoulders to see if anybody is listening. They built the room, sound-proof and all that, but they neglected to ventilate it, and one Governor, unable to live without air, had a ventilator cut in one corner of the room, at great expense, for the walls of the Capitol are massive. The fireplace smoked, but that was a minor discomfort. The point was that it was necessary, imperative, for the Governor to have a secret recess to hear secrets in.

Governor Hughes tried it a few days. He found the air bad, the smoke from the elaborate, but clogged, fireplace annoying, and he could not get accustomed to the rear-door politicians who wanted to come wearing gum shoes and go out tiptoeing and never speak above a hoarse whisper while there. The party leaders thought this was their legitimate loafing and plotting place.

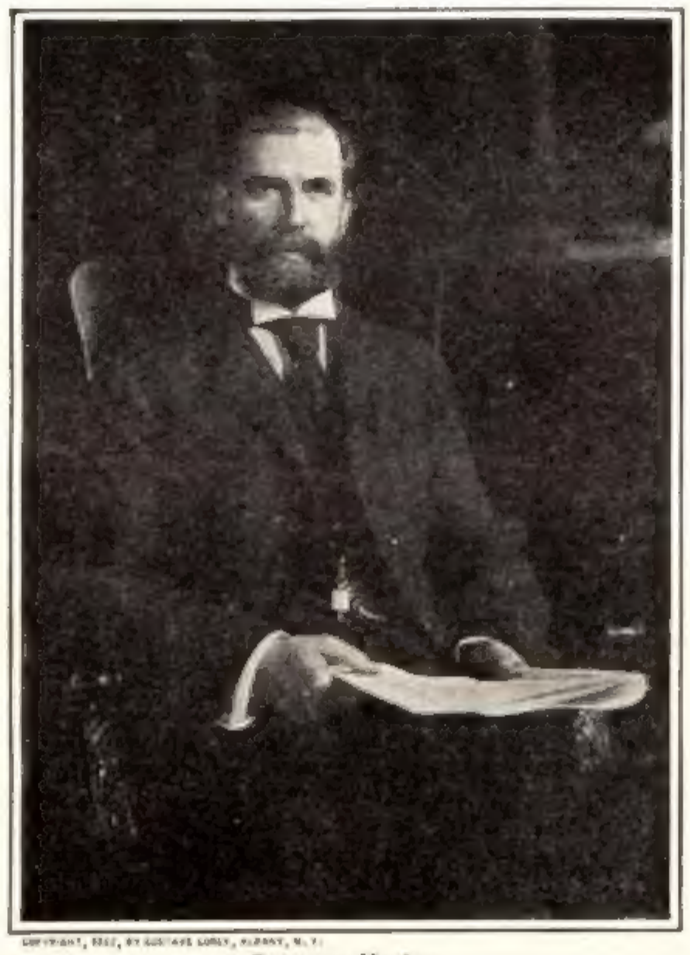
One day the Governor turned to his secretary and asked: "Isn't there a desk in that large room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we'll use it."

The Governor and his secretaries immediately moved into the big room. The Governor sat down behind the great, flat-topped desk, and the word went through Albany that he had abandoned the secret chamber and was doing business out in the open. It was another assault on tradition and precedent, and a most serious blow at the ultimate destiny of the Republican party. The idea that a man should desire to do business with politicians and party leaders and local bosses while other politicians and party leaders and local bosses were standing about, to say nothing of casual visitors and, perhaps—oh, horrid thought!—a few reporters, was so revolutionary that it was considered too absurd for Hughes, even.

They went up to see. They found the Governor there, in the middle of the big room, out in the open, with no rear doors, no whispering facilities, no protection for the patriot who wanted to slide in and slide out again. Still, they argued, there must be a chance for intimacies.



Governor Hughes

They tried it. One of them sidled over, got a nod of recognition from the Governor, sat down and hitched his chair close to the desk. He mumbled something. The room had forty people in it. The Governor looked at him inquiringly. He mumbled again.

"Louder, please," said the Governor.

"But, Governor," he stammered, "this is private. I want to see you in your private office."

"This is my office," replied the Governor calmly, "and I can hear anything you have to say right here."

He mumbled again. "Louder, please," said the Governor, and when the fuddled visitor had stated his case, in a voice as low as he dared, the Governor replied, so everybody in the room could hear him: "No, sir, I cannot do that, and I am surprised that you should ask me to."

That afternoon Albany buzzed with the news. It was true. The Governor was out in the open, receiving all comers in the big room, and making no bones of what they said to him, and especially no bones of what he said to them. It was the most astonishing development of a more than astonishing man.

Twice a day the Governor receives the reporters in the big room, the afternoon paper men in the morning and the morning paper men in the afternoon. This is not a new custom, but in many instances these visits of the correspondents have been simply sparring matches between the Governor and the newspaper visitors. I was there one afternoon when the morning paper crowd came in, twenty or more of them, and gathered around the great desk. The Governor arose and bowed gravely. "Good-afternoon, gentlemen," he said, standing with his hands on two law-books and smiling a bit.

"We have completed our investigation of the Department of Public Buildings," he said, "and we have ordered the dismissal of Richard O'Brien, acting deputy superintendent, and of James Johnston, chief engineer of the department."

That was all there was to it. Crack! crack! the words came out like pistol-shots. A few questions were asked. The Governor elaborated the report of the investigation a trifle, going into some details about others who were accused and what was done to them, answered a question or two, refused to answer a few others by saying, "I cannot talk about that," and turned to receive a man who had been waiting for the interview with the reporters to close. The man whispered something. The reporters were going out in groups of two and three. "No," said the Governor, and everybody heard him, "that is impossible, and you know it."

Now, a reporter, and especially a reporter at a Capital, is subject to few delusions about public men. They know them and about them, and their personal opinions are generally correct. The correspondents at Albany are unemotional and non-partisan persons. They are most capable, or they would not be at Albany. They express it succinctly when they say: "Hughes is on the level." That is a judgment any man might be proud to have.

Picking the Problems to Pieces

HUGHES was a lawyer's lawyer before he came out into the limelight in the gas and insurance investigations. He advised lawyers how they should advise their clients. He was, and is, a deep student. His attainments were known and admired professionally, but he was in no sense a public figure. Indeed, it seemed quite impossible to associate the name of Hughes with any popular movement, he was so reserved and so dignified. His temperament is judicial, but after he was nominated and got fully into the swing he astonished old campaigners by the ease with which he picked up the mixer's tricks and how cleverly he availed himself of all the expedients of popularity.

He does not take anybody's word for anything. He solves every problem himself. His first thought when he went into office at Albany was to get his work systematized, and he prepared a set of form-letters for his correspondence that are the marvel of all who have seen them. He looks over his mail and indicates by number, from one up to fourteen or fifteen, what form-letter shall be sent in reply. This gives him time for the letters he must answer himself. His whole day is systematized in the same manner, and he never varies.

He is most interesting when he has some problem which requires all the thought he can give it. He separates the unit into as many parts as he needs to give it a thorough consideration. Then he lights a long, thin cigar and begins tramping up and down the room. He thinks out loud, marshaling every fact for and against as a judge would do in preparing a decision. When he has threshed out the first point he has in mind he says: "There, that's finished!" and takes up the next.

One of the Governor's pet projects is a Public Utilities Commission. New York is burdened with commissions of all kinds. Politicians have been given roosting-places on bodies that have overlooked railroads, and gas, and insane asylums, and all sorts of public utilities—overlooked being used advisedly, for they never looked into them. These jobs have been fat ones. They have provided for the local leaders who have sent the delegates to the State conventions. There are commissions for about everything, and the Governor has decided that the best way to get rid of the whole lot of job-holders is to group all public utilities under one governing power, and get action.

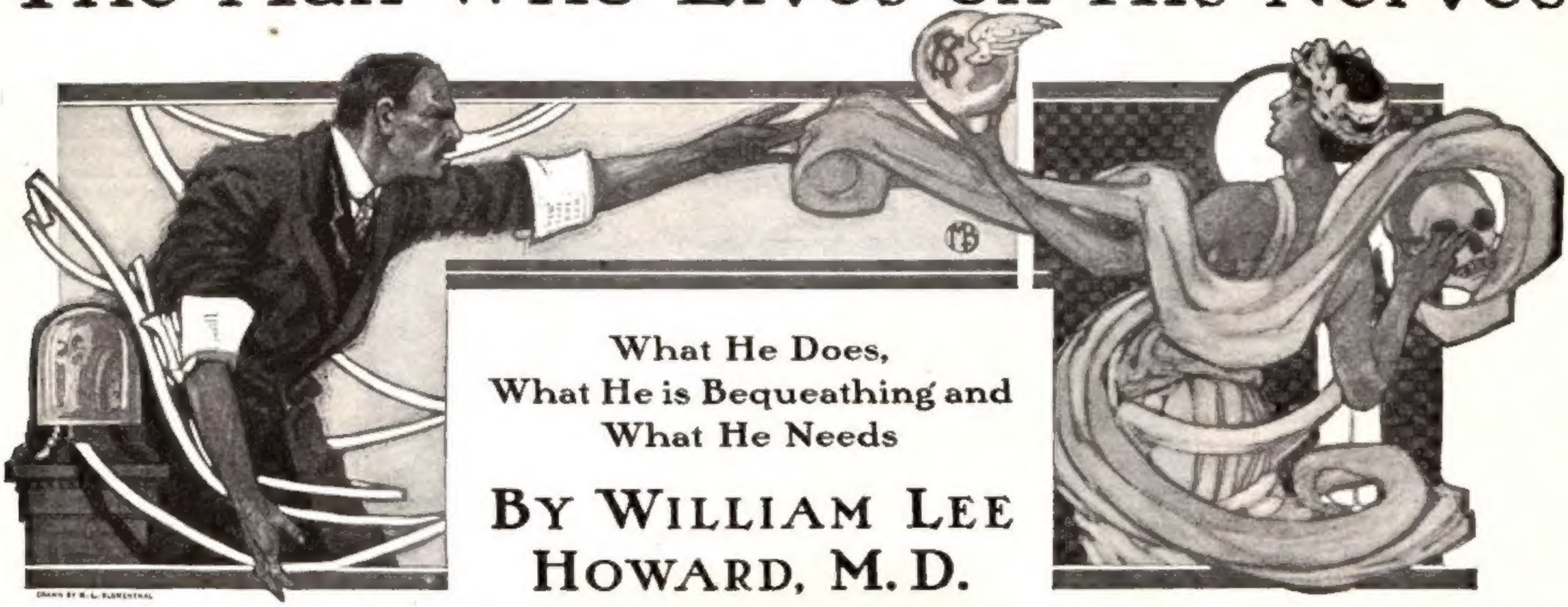
When he put out this idea there was a cry of pain, a groan of anguish that could be heard from Long Island to Niagara Falls. It was a direct assault on the time-honored prerogatives of organization. It was a blow at the Republican party that would result in utter ruin and defeat. It was more than that. It was a plot to separate many worthy, self-sacrificing patriots from the pay-roll, and it must not be endured.

It will be endured, however, for the Legislature is now fully awake to the fact that the Governor is Governor. If he wants a Public Utilities Commission he shall have it, for the Legislature is afraid not to give it to him. You see, there is no telling what a Governor who is so careless of precedent and convention and tradition might do if he once let himself out. Second thought is a valuable legislative asset when there is a Governor who thinks three times while the Legislature is slowly getting one thought into shape. It was painfully apparent that this particular Governor had been thinking for months about this thing, and the Legislature, after the patriots had made their wild protests, is in the mind to let him have his way. It has reached its second thought about the matter.

There is no disposition on the part of Governor Hughes to be boss of the Legislature. He thinks the Legislature is a coördinate part of the State government, but the

(Concluded on Page 27)

The Man Who Lives on His Nerves



What He Does, What He is Bequeathing and What He Needs

By William Lee Howard, M. D.

CAN you see me to-morrow morning for consultation? If so, will take the night train."

This was a telegram I received from a business man living in a city two hundred miles from my office. He sent the telegram Saturday so that he could travel at night, see me Sunday and return the same night. This enabled him to get back to his office Monday morning. In so doing this money-mad man would not lose a day from his business, but would lose two nights' rest—rest that was of utmost value to him. Yet this man wanted to consult me about a nervous condition that was greatly worrying him and his wife.

This victim of business speed mania was wealthy; had an established business that was in prosperous working order, had no children, and could have retired with ample income.

He arrived early Sunday, tired and showing all the effects of the business pace that kills. I saw at once that he must have immediate freedom from his ruinous life if he were to retain his mental balance. A plain and decided talk with him and his wife only resulted in his declaration that he could not get away. Already the mental strain, the exhausted nerve cells, had produced a condition that prevented him from seeing matters in their true light. Even the pleadings and sensible arguments of his wife were of no avail. He repeated the old, old story: "I only need some good tonic, Doctor, then I'll be all right. But, if not, then later I'll go away for a few weeks."

I then told him some plain facts, which he took in bad grace.

He was willing to pay thousands of dollars for medical treatment that would cure him, but rather objected to my consulting fee because no medicine went with it. He went to New York to consult other specialists, who told him in decided tones to follow immediately my advice; told him at once to drop all business if he wished to retain his mental powers.

He would not give up then. "Just wait a little longer; wait until I have put through a few deals."

Two days after he arrived in New York his mangled body was found at the bottom of an air-shaft of the hotel where he had been stopping. He had thrown himself out of the ninth-story window.

When the Nerve Control Snaps

THIS sudden impulse to self-destruction is one of the dangerous elements in the strained nervous system. We can never tell at just what moment the slender nerve fibre that connects judgment and duty will snap asunder. It is like the fine E string of the violin. It plays the correct note with no warning of its weakness, when snap it goes and its life is ended. It is different with approaching insanity due to some disease of the brain. We have sufficient warning, know the phases to expect, and can take precautions. But with the man who lives on his nerves it is impossible to tell to what extent he has stretched their endurance until the sad end comes. Sometimes it comes in exposure of moral death, sometimes in such outbreaks of animalism as to pronounce the victim insane, often it terminates in alcoholism. But the ultimate effect of living on the nerves is certain to be some form of destruction, bodily or morally.

In the case of the man referred to it is possible that, had he taken immediately the advice given him, introspection would have ceased, and, going away with hope, with him the strain would have lessened and recovery followed.

Had this man—and all others like him—had in his employ a clerk who was recklessly throwing away his financial capital, he would have warned him, and, if the advice to preserve this capital and to live on the income was not heeded, the clerk would have been discharged as a dangerous man to have in the office.

But this man, who prided himself on his business acumen, lived recklessly on his nervous capital and became a nervous bankrupt.

Spending Capital as Well as Income

A MAN'S physical capital is like his financial; if he is steadily spending it he will soon become a physical—mental—bankrupt. Living on the nerves causes their delicate substances to become exhausted. No physician can settle satisfactorily with the clamoring creditors where there is no asset. If the man has taken warning in time the doctor can, as a receiver, take hold of what remains of the depleted capital, and, if in absolute charge, stop the outgo of future waste.

The properly-balanced nervous system hourly and daily supplies the energy that is expended in work. But to do this it needs rest—rest from the constant drain on certain nerve centres. Lying in bed thinking over the business of the next day is not rest. Forcing one's self to exercise when that exercise is irksome, playing golf simply because one has been told to get out of doors when this is an unpleasant effort, are not methods conducive to nerve rest.

Many doctors make the mistake of ordering patients whose nerves are being exhausted to exercise, when these individuals require physical rest as well as mental. Exercise necessitates an output of nervous energy, and forced exercise puts an extra strain on the already tired nerve cells. What is needed is some form of recreation that brings a total oblivion to business matters and allows the nerve cells absolute rest.

Any stimulant taken to enable the individual to force exhausted nerve cells to further output of energy is ruinous. It is analogous to burning the planks of a vessel to push it on when the coal is exhausted. Like this latter condition, rare occasions may arise where such methods must be used, but it always means injury to the human vessel.

The majority of men do not understand the difference between nervous energy and nervous capital. Nervous energy is that which goes to make success in any line—mental or physical. The more care taken of the nervous capital the greater is the daily interest on that capital. It is the spending of the principal that ruins men.

Will these human wrecks, suicides, drug victims and alcoholic prisoners, the result of living on the nerves, who now fill our sanitariums, be an increased social factor in the coming generation? Yes, I think so. I believe there will be an increase in these unfortunate cases, in spite of all the warnings.

Many men in this country are not getting married until they have rushed with vital speed through the best portion of their lives in the pursuit of money. They have lived on their nerves. They will bequeath to their children the dregs of a former virile and equilibrated cell protoplasm, and the natural result must be an unstable nervous mechanism which these children, as they approach manhood, will be unable to adjust.

The man who wastes his vitality in early life to pile up wealth for the future generally leaves nervously bankrupt descendants. The drunkard who marries, the morphine fiend who essays the rôle of motherhood, are looked upon by the world as unfortunate beings doomed to misery, and their children are partially excused for any loose habits or eccentricities they may possess. Yet the man who has been careless and regardless of his nervous capital, and has drawn on it to the last struggling piece of protoplasm, and who then marries, is the greatest sinner of all.

The tyranny of a bad inheritance knows no laws, no mercy. It bends to no authority but the sway of impulse and the license of passion. It is absolute. Many business men who are now living on their nerves will have these facts brought home to them in the sad future.

If the business man could see the wrecks of one-time men who are aimlessly wandering around the confines of institutions for the insane and sahitariums, could read the histories written on their countenances, he would realize that all the bankrupts are not recorded in financial journals and trade reports.

This bacillus of speed is a dangerous one to society. It enters the nervous system of the money-mad man, and uncontrollable impulses to outdo his neighbor are the result. It infects his children, invades the home, settles and guides his conversation and seasons his undigested food. In one New England State it has reached the stage of causing the mortgaging of homes to purchase automobiles.

Bankrupting the Vital Stores

A STRONG physical constitution, big muscles, ability to work day and night, are valueless when the force back of all these attributes is being dissipated. That force is nervous capital.

The business man who would not spend a dollar of his invested capital will recklessly spend his nervous capital. Like the spendthrift who cannot see the end of champagne suppers, but finally ends in the courts of bankruptcy, is the business man who is throwing away his nervous securities. He ends in the asylum for drug habitués, the hospital for the insane, or more frequently the suicide's grave.

Look around you and count the many you know who have become nervous bankrupts. The man who has embezzled, the bank official who has spent the money of others, the trusted agent who has used funds not his own, have all become morally blinded by a condition brought about by living on their nervous capital.

An exhausted nervous capital submerges the sense of honor, paralyzes orientation, and is provocative of the lower senses. False confidence in self is established, deception and falsehood follow, and the finality is only too well known to all.

That these men are criminals in the legal sense does not alter the fact that their criminal instincts were aroused because their higher brain centres were exhausted in the career of living on nerves.

Don't say that President Jones would have been all right if he had let liquor alone. The truth is he would have let liquor alone if he had been all right in his nervous

(Concluded on Page 32)

Cobalt, the Goblin of the North

By W. A. FRASER

A CERTAIN mine-owner came one day with a sleigh and drove me up to a mine, where we traversed for hundreds of feet, through a forty-foot open cut, an eight-inch vein that at times was half silver. Almost at any time our guide, at a word from the manager, would slam his pick down and yank out a fragment of ore that was like a prickly pear with its spires of silver. At that depth nothing in the camp looked richer; what is below the fingers of dynamite will uncover.

At any rate, the sleighing was good. It was a fiercely cold day, and our appetites were the appetites of men who had passed over frozen roads through a forest of spruce and cedar, from which the frost has crackled lung salve; so, when the gigantic Irishman, lean of loin as a staghound, by right of his place as engineer and manager, drew us into a huge tent that sheltered a table holding roast beef and potatoes and pie and appetite-killers of all kinds, I was ready to pray and declare that yon big seam of silver reached down to the very axis of the earth. And just because of a little Irish yarn of mine, holding to the truth of their native wit, I came away pockets bulging with nuggets of silver. I think all mines ought to be owned by Irishmen, and managed by them, too.

Cook-House at One of the Big Mines

But talking of nuggets of silver, down in one mine, when I had traversed a hundred-and-fifty-foot drift on the forty-foot level, the manager said to his assistant: "Knock off a sample of ore for Mr. Fraser."

The assistant sledged at a chunk in the wall for fully five minutes till it worked up and down like the hinge of a trunk; then a cold-chisel was brought, and the manager holding the candle, the assistant the chisel, and myself at the sledge, we wrought till the piece dropped at my feet, quite two pounds of pure silver.

"I could put the whole forty acres of this hill through a stamp-mill and get rich low-grade ore," the manager declared. I looked at the silvered walls and almost believed him; and on the surface I realized that here was one mine at least that had not yet come into its own, for the ore-bucket was being drawn up by a horse, and as yet no machinery in.

Silver in Cold Storage

AGAIN, in another mine, I explored drifts and cross-cuts that were simply a network of mineralized veins. Here, indeed, it seemed was a forty-acre hill that could be passed through a stamp-mill in its entirety.

And as to the richness of such veins, Professor Miller has written in his report that on the surface of the Trethewey, in an open cut fifty feet long by twenty-five feet deep, was found a vein eight inches thick that yielded $200,000. I saw the slit in the rock from which this had been taken. Such ore runs $60,000 to $80,000 to the carload.

More than a year ago Professor Miller saw in the La Rose, on a ninety-foot level, a standing vein stripped for two hundred and fifty feet laterally that represented one million dollars' worth of ore. Now the La Rose holds bare walls of ore that represent many millions.

I saw in still another mine a vein eight inches thick dipping away at an angle of fifty-five degrees to a depth of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and along its sides ran drifts, that are just galleries, for hundreds of feet. I went through one of the mines with a gaunt Scotch giant from Glengarry, a MacDonald, the mine captain. A pudgy little Frenchman, a stockholder, was with us, and no piece of ore was too small for him to fall over. They lay in wait for his fat legs, the dim light holding their angles deceitfully, and he was for ever and ever getting up or going down.

"There's a fine vein of calcite, carrying three thousand ounces of silver to the ton," Mr. MacDonald would say, raising his candle to the glinting silver streak seam of pink-white calcite, and, in an instant, the three of us would be in scrimmage, off-side. There was always a slippery rock to send the Frenchman against our legs and bring us down.

Editor's Note—This is the second and concluding article on Cobalt by Mr. Fraser.

At the end of a drift which ran like a mole's burrow, a hundred feet or more from the shaft, a drill driven by compressed air bit angrily at the stone roof; the hole was being started, and the drill grabbed and clutched at the rock like an animal—like the goblin Kobold himself. "Chuck, chuck, chuck!"—how it clanged and hissed and screeched! The flickering lights of the candles in the hands of the two shadowy human forms that held the drill gleamed luridly like demon eyes. And when the steel teeth of the demon have bitten their way into the rock, leaving a trail smooth and round as a gun-barrel, a stick of dynamite would be left in the tiny cell, and at six o'clock, when the miners had swarmed up like rabbits from a warren to the outside, a fuse would carry the spitting fire of ignition, the rock would heave and fall asunder, and on the canvas-covered floor of the drift a great shower of silver rain would fall. Then the "night-shift" would send it up in buckets, a precious cargo, perhaps half a thousand dollars to the bucket.

I could still hear the grate of the drill on the rock as the manager said:

"We'll have to get out; it's nearly six and they're going to shoot."

So, up from candle-land with its flickering lights; and above, as we plowed through the snow toward the office, a whole park of artillery broke forth deep in the bowels of the earth beneath our feet: "Boom, boom!" The earth shivered as the vestment of Kobold, the silver veil, was torn from its holding of rock below. Like a sigh of pain, I could hear a sibilant scream of Pz-i-n-g-g-g-g! through the earth's bosom after each murderous shock. Born in the tremor of volcanic rupture, the precious metal that had rested for aeons in peace was now disrupted by the tiny fire and thunder of man's punier effort.

The Mud-Hens and the Canvasbacks

AS I HAVE said, the O'Brien Mine has a large acreage, practically surrounding the La Rose, and bordering the Nipissing. But, unfortunately for the public, this is a close corporation, like the La Rose; it is a private business with no shares for the public. M. J. O'Brien, a rich contractor, got this property from King for a few hundreds. He gave a fifth interest in it to a lawyer in Toronto, named O'Brian, to look after the legal tangle that King's much-diversified testimony had plunged it in. So far as the public is concerned, the O'Brien and the La Rose are simply magnificent decoys pointed to by flimflam promoters as some sort of an evidence that their own mud-hens are real "canvasbacks."

I stood in the shaft-house of the O'Brien Mine one afternoon and watched with curious fascination a river of rock, that was rich in silver, come pouring up from the shaft, and go flowing like an arrogant glacier down a great chute to the ore-house. It was almost a steady crash! crash! as the great iron bucket, thrusting up from the shaft, reeled groggily and vomited its holding of precious metal on the roaring planks. Litigation over title had thrown its coil about this mine and held it a silent prisoner for months; the Government had cut the Gordian knot and the mine now pulsated with the release of pent-up energy.

Once the superintendent put into my hand a piece of solid silver the size of a penny roll, that tumbled from a piece of calcite which a workman had crushed with his heavy sledge. Just at six, standing in the power-house, watching the long wire cable reel off its one hundred and fifty feet of length from the hoisting drum, the engineer took his hand from the lever and shoved a little peg in the tally-board.

"Ninety-two buckets!" ejaculated the mine captain. "That's the biggest lot of ore ever taken out of a mine in Cobalt in one day."

"What's it worth a bucket?" I hazarded, thinking to get a line on this most interesting business.

But litigation had thrown an atmosphere of secretive distrust over everybody at the O'Brien Mine, I noticed. A look of animal cunning stole into the captain's eyes. He gave a little laugh, and answered:

"I've seen a bucket worth a thousand dollars, and again I've seen it not worth five." A bell tingled; the engineer threw the lever over, and this time the wire line, reeling off its spool with a curious hissing sound, continued on past the red mark that had indicated the last run. On, on—full twenty coils more I counted.

"What's the diameter of the drum?" I asked.

"Eight feet to the turn," the captain answered.

"I was allowing nine; the bucket has gone down to the three-hundred-foot level, then, to bring up the men on development work. You were taking the ore from the hundred-and-fifty-foot level, weren't you?" I said.

He again gave that enigmatical laugh, and looked at the superintendent curiously. The latter, who seemed strangely young and slight for such a responsible position, smiled also, and said:

"Come on, Fraser; we'll go to supper."

The whistles were blowing for six, and as we plowed through the snow in the dark, great, strong shadows plunged past us on every side. It was like a great wolf-pack. Sometimes I could hear a gasp. Once or twice a form caracoled into me. It was the army of miners, the change of shift, hurrying from the mine to the huge, warm, bright room with its long tables loaded with generous food.

The Mutability of Values

WE ATE at a little table in one corner of this great dining-room. The men came tumbling in at the door from the snow-covered landscape like rollicking schoolboys. The strength of endeavor was in their hearts and in their limbs, and the appetites born of that keen, frosty night in their stomachs. How the metal plates rattled to the ceaseless tattoo of knife and fork; sometimes a low-voiced, decorous jest was flung out to send a smothered laugh up one row of strong faces and down the other.

And the food! Surely these toilers' lives were cast in pleasant places, and Kobold a kindly goblin to the immediate ones at his knees. There were cakes and pies, meats and potatoes, bread and butter and tea. What the men ate the superintendent ate. A great life was the miners' life, I thought, even if the slender sticks of dynamite, that were like fingers of fate, did indicate on the dial of life the uncertainty of their minute of call. Just that day two men in the Colonial Mine lay dead, withered by this spitting devil's evil breath.

"You were asking about the value of that ore," the superintendent said, as we came out and plowed over hillocks of snow that were supposed to hold a path somewhere. "It'll run as high as sixty or eighty thousand dollars to the car sometimes. We shipped twelve cars during the past month. Don't know their value yet—no returns—some low-grade—some high—fifteen or twenty thousand, all round." His speech was hyphenated, more or less, by the rise and fall of the path. Ten acres of snow spread over a field built on the lines of a graveyard, and the whole thing, in the gloom of a moonless night, was not conducive to either smooth sailing or an even diction.

And so it is! The glamourous silver tokens are easy of vision, and as blatantly loud to the hearing as a bull moose. The mining company flim-flammer is for ever and ever uttering his loon cry of eighty-thousand-dollar cars of ore, and of the three-hundred-foot level of a famous mine that is as rich as the surface.

The visitor can see in the La Rose office a cabinet full of great silver nuggets, and at the Nipissing he can see the same thing. At the King Edward Hotel in Toronto there are silver boulders larger than the prize pumpkins at a country fair.

The reader will find in his paper daily the glad shout of a new vein found on some property in Cobalt. But, with one exception, I have never read the obituary notice of the veins that have died at the fifty-foot, or the seventy-foot, or the hundred-foot level.

Figuratively, I was in at the death of one vein and the birth of another.

On the seventy-foot level I followed a drift for two hundred feet along a vein that at the shaft was eight inches thick—eight inches of the richest kind of silver ore. At the farther end of the drift this vein looked like a sheet of blotting-paper in its attenuated fiasco. But twenty feet back on the drift was a cross-cut at right angles that within ten feet had opened up a new vein holding a wealth of silver as great as had been contained in the fattest part of the original lode.

This is typical of most of the mines in this district.

Perhaps the La Rose holds its values to a greater depth than the others. But ninety-nine out of every hundred veins in the Cobalt field will be found possessed of this variableness in values and cubical contents. The typical vein bulges like a sausage with its fatness of silver at times, and then perhaps in twenty feet thins out in starved poverty till it is but a penciled line of gray calcite on the country rock. Vertically, it almost invariably thins like a wedge that has been driven downward in an essay to split the rock.

It may be said that the consensus of scientific opinion, geologically based, and firmer structured by observation of the practical development, is that the greatest values are found on the surface, that they decrease very materially as lower levels are reached, and that it would be optimistic to expect values below the five-hundred-foot level.

As this five hundred feet of earth's crust is so generously fissured and traversed by mineralized veins, the limited depth of working does not establish the poverty of the mines. It might be safe to assert that, of the shipping mines I have named, each and every one holds locked in its treasure-box several millions in silver ore. It may be two millions or, as the proprietors of the La Rose Mine claim, thirty millions.

But, while these known values are contained within an area of a very few miles, whole townships, thousands of acres, have been staked into mining claims, and a market must be found for this matter of fakement as well as for the real silver. Over three hundred mining companies have been incorporated for this district: three hundred million dollars of capitalization, fifty or sixty millions a year of profits needed to pay dividends on this mad exploitation. And the trouble is only well under way—the mining boom is but in its infancy, they tell me.

Fifty miles to the north is the Larder Lake gold region, where hundreds of get-rich-quick men have staked thousands of acres of snow-covered rock, all dreaming, as they shivered in their sleep in an atmosphere of fifty degrees below zero, that some day, by the alchemy of New York's magic name, these claims will form the little squares on a chess-board where men gamble for millions. One stops to question: "Where is all the money to come from? Is all the capital of the world to be rounded up to make a new tribe of millionaires?" Cobalt has made at least a dozen millionaires in Canada—and in New York, perhaps, two or three who have made a dozen millions each. New companies are being incorporated at the rate of one or two a day—forty million dollars a month at least. Looking at the silver face of Goblin Kobold acts on us as the silver veil of Mahmoud the Prophet did on his followers. It lures us—it drives us mad—we follow it to destruction. In all that I've seen or heard I've come upon no real, tangible evidence that there is aught of much value outside of the intensely rich area of three or four miles in Coleman.

And the "come-on" promoters have exhibited the most colossal nerve in this field.

I used to see a man in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, who had undertaken to float a company. The capitalization was one million dollars, of course—it is seldom less. I happened to know that a friend of mine had been offered a third interest in this industry for five thousand dollars. However, the promoter went at the public in this way: A probable investor was confidentially advised that he was getting in on the ground floor. Then he was taken to an office to buy stock. If he wanted particulars he was calmly assured that, though as yet no silver had been found on the claim, it was within half a mile or so of a good mine. Then the stock was offered to him at fifty cents on the dollar.

Poor, credulous old public!—supposed to gulp, at half a million, a mining prospect that refused to disclose silver!

Dog-Sleigh Loaded for the Trip to Larder Lake, the New Gold Belt

Loading Ore at Cobalt for Smelting in New Jersey

Going up on the train to Cobalt a mining engineer from New York was pointed out to me as one of the really big men. At Cobalt he took a run north for two days with a dealer, ran his eye over the snow properties, and the next day the train carried him south. I asked the dealer in claims who had gone north with the mining engineer what had transpired.

"I sold him twenty-one claims at $5000 each," the dealer answered.

Now, money like that is not spent for the fun of it. The property was inspected by an engineer. There are a thousand such inspections of such properties, and the public buy tickets for the show.

Indeed, a big, big book should be written about the mining flim-flammer. You don't even get fair betting odds in the Cobalt field wildcats. The company puts a high capitalization on—a capitalization to take care of everybody who has had anything to do with the mine, from the prospector to the dealer in shares. Then the public are offered one-dollar stock at fifty cents—two to one for their money, taking the promoter's valuation; whereas, considering the number of companies and the number of winners, they should be offered one hundred to one.

Our papers are full of these wildcat ads, the statements submerged in lies that are only known as lies to the men on the ground, and the men on the ground have their own fish to fry in the same kind of fat. Here's a typical misleader, a liar for money: There is a huge-lettered "COBALT" in the ad. After much hunting, the name is discovered—we'll call it "The Poor Man's Friend Company." In garish letters is printed the phrase: "Five hundred acres of silver." Then follow statements such as this: "Within gunshot of —— —— mines—in the heart of the Cobalt Mineral District." As located on the map, the property is miles away from the two mines mentioned as being in its proximity—in a different township, in fact, and in a district as yet of unproved value. A statement is made that high-grade ore will be shipped within two or three months—that it will be one of the largest producers of the district. The names given as a guarantee of the *bona fides* of the company furnish the worst feature of the case, for no doubt there are still gullible people who believe that, because a man manages a monetary institution or is a director in a company, he must necessarily have commercial rectitude.

These same people use the flim-flammers' argument to prove the worth of their property that is used by so many evilly-disposed promoters just now—which is, that the Government inspection is a guarantee that the claim is valuable. This is a malicious misstatement of fact, calculated to mislead the investor and embarrass the Government. The inspection was introduced to prevent the blanketing of large areas. And, while it is an evidence that on a claim mineral has been found, it does not, nor was it meant to, guarantee the fact that the claim is worth two hundred dollars. This should be widely known, because it is one of the mine flim-flammers' strongest arguments. It is claimed broadly, though quite falsely, that this seeming Government indorsement made it possible for one company to trade off forty-odd acres of muddy water to the easy public for nearly $5,000,000.

Doctor Drummond, of Montreal, wrote a book called The Habitant, and made so much money out of it that he bought a fur cap, a red-eyed, red-headed Irish terrier, and one of those rare, old French-Canadian sashes. When I saw him last he was standing on the shore of Kerr Lake, on the eighty acres which comprised the Drummond Mine. A group of capitalists were paying the Doctor and his three brothers one thousand dollars a day for the ten-day silence of the mine machinery, while they were making up their minds as to the advisability of paying a sum in the neighborhood of three million dollars for the mine. The Drummond estate took in a piece of Kerr Lake, as did the Jacobs Mine, leaving twenty-two acres in all on the northwest side.

These twenty-two acres were then being advertised by the Government for sale.

I asked the Doctor what he thought of this property. He answered:

"The other shore has been prospected over and over, and nothing has been found—that looks bad."

When the tenders were opened the Government found that, while one million and eighty-five thousand dollars had been bid for Cobalt Lake, but fifty-six thousand dollars had been offered for Kerr Lake. It was put up again, this time the Government reserving ten per cent. of whatever silver might be found.

Something over a hundred thousand was bid this time, and now this twenty-two acres is advertised as a three-million-dollar company, its shares for sale at .80.

The mineralized veins in Cobalt are free-lances; they shoot here and there, like fractures in a sheet of ice, regardless of claim lines, taking no cognizance of rock age. The Foster Mine nestles in the lap of the youthful Huronian rock, while a hundred feet away the University shaft cuts down into the vitals of the Keewatin—old enough to be Huronian's grandmother; but the big silver vein of the Foster stops neither at the surveyed line between the claims nor at the plainly-discernible line of contact between the two rocks, but darts like a serpent's tongue beneath the surface-drift.

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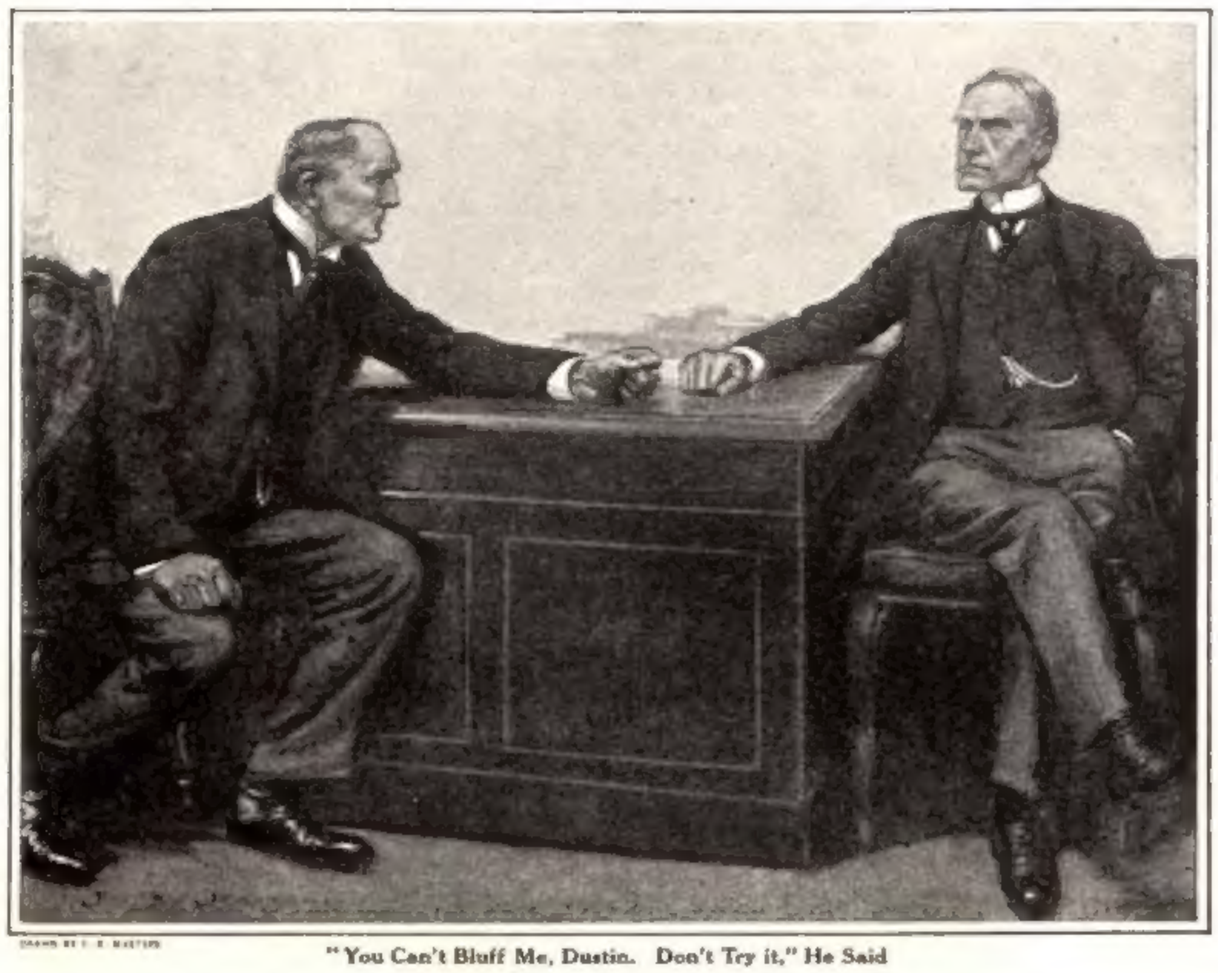
Bags of Ore Ready for Shipment

THE LOST CONTRACT

By WILL PAYNE



"You Can't Bluff Me, Dustin. Don't Try it," He Said

I

THE year 1903 was one of terrible distress in Wall Street. Railroad and industrial stocks were down anywhere from thirty to fifty dollars a share. Madison Avenue families that had been figuring on country estates shut up the house and went abroad, where they could live cheaply without entirely losing caste. Cabmen who had been pricing automobiles on the strength of accrued bucketshop profits were at their wits' ends to get hay and oats. Anywhere in upper Fifth Avenue if a man was seen to smile it was at once suspected that he was either a dipsomaniac or a Standard Oil magnate.

For two years Thomas Westover had been buying up bituminous mines and consolidating them in the Soft Coal Corporation. He was carrying three hundred and fifty thousand shares of Soft Coal stock, and his toes stuck over the edge of the precipice. He went to Joseph G. Dustin, chairman and autocrat of the Midland and Atlantic Railway, and stated his position with perfect frankness—being aware that Dustin knew just what it was, anyway. Dustin agreed to find the money that would enable Westover to carry his load of Soft Coal stock for five years, the loan to be renewed every six months. In return, Westover agreed to give Midland and Atlantic eighty per cent. of the freight originating at his mines, at the regular schedule of rates. Also, it was agreed that at the end of the five years Westover should receive a rebate of ten per cent. of the freight that the mines had paid to the railroad, the amount to be credited on his loan. As each gentleman had a memory which sometimes failed, the substance of this agreement was put in a little typewritten memorandum which both of them signed. Dustin absolutely refused, however, to let the memorandum, or a copy of it, go out of his possession. So it was turned over to Wistrom, his confidential man.

All would have gone well, perhaps; but times began to improve, money to loosen up, stocks to advance. As is very natural when the danger is past, it occurred to Westover that he had been too precipitate in throwing himself so unreservedly into Dustin's sheltering arms. Dustin drove with a tight rein. Westover became restless. He secretly entered into negotiations with Mississippi and Seashore, Dustin's big rival; even surreptitiously gave them a lot of his coal to haul. Dustin found it out, and said nothing. But when Westover blithely appeared, to renew his loan, the Treasury Bank and the house of Loman, Schlessinger & Co., which were carrying it, abruptly refused to renew, demanded payment on the spot, and dumped the collateral on the market. Of course, Soft Coal stock slumped badly, and Dustin scooped in the three hundred and fifty thousand shares at a price satisfactory to himself. This broke, and enraged, Mr. Westover.

II

USUALLY, Dustin's big car whirled up to the station half a minute before the express came in; and he plunged to the last seat on the left-hand side of the parlor-car and promptly forgot his surroundings.

To-day, however, he was not able to forget them. An irritating consciousness of fellow-passengers with newspapers would come sneaking in. Every one of the newspapers had, in big headlines on the front page, substantially this:

JOSEPH G. DUSTIN INDICTED

FEDERAL GRAND JURY HOLDS HIM ON EIGHTEEN COUNTS FOR GRANTING REBATES TO SOFT COAL CORPORATION

GOVERNMENT WILL INSIST UPON A PRISON SENTENCE

And in every paper the feature of the story was that, while freight agents and like underlings had been indicted and even convicted of rebating, this was the first time the law had ever laid a hand upon a man high up—the autocrat of a great railroad system, a multi-millionaire and colossus of the Street. A pious hope that Mr. Dustin would spend a year or so behind the bars was conveyed, in one form or another, with significant unanimity.

Turning his head, Dustin caught the glance of a girl opposite. A newspaper lay in her lap. She had swung her chair around so as to look at him—under a transparent pretense of watching the hills on that side. As their glances met, Dustin surprised an odd look in her blue eyes—as though she were just timidly making up her mind to step over and speak to him. The bashful intention was perfectly evident. He frowned forbiddingly and quickly shifted his glance. He wondered, irritably, if they had taken to setting the youngsters on him to get subscriptions for Old Ladies' Homes—or, possibly, to get interviews for the Evening Roar. She had seemed very young. Curiosity drew his eyes her way again. The girl was looking fixedly out of her own window, and the smooth oval of her cheek was still crimson. He noted the soft, yellow mass of her hair; her small, pink ear. She could hardly be over sixteen. Probably he had been mistaken, and she really had not had any designs upon him.

On the ferry-boat he caught two men with cameras stalking him, and exploded with wrath. These explosions were bad for his nerves—left them ragged and wiry. His cab was delayed a full two minutes by a lower Broadway blockade. That, also, was irritating. So, when the elevator man clanged the door very noisily, it was only by an effort that Mr. Dustin abstained from kicking him.

Entering Midland and Atlantic headquarters, the autocrat's swift and fiery glance took in the colored servitor sitting by the gate that gave ingress to the private offices; also, a young man sitting within the bar—a blond, well-set-up youngster, hardly more than a boy. The colored guardian, expert at reading the weather signals, paled a little as he sprang to open the gate. As the chairman strode through the young man arose in his path.

"Mr. Dustin?" he began.

But Mr. Dustin merely turned his head to throw a vengeful glance at the false guard and strode by. He meant to have the negro fired at once. Bursting into his own room he slammed the door forbiddingly and touched one of a row of buttons on his desk before he took off his hat. He was hardly in his chair before Blaine—private secretary on probation since the death of Wistrom—came hurrying anxiously in, and spoke without waiting for his chief:

"We've looked everywhere—all night—high and low," he said in a nervous haste. "That contract is gone, Mr. Dustin."

"It isn't gone! It's here!" Dustin replied, as though he were firing a pistol at the secretary's head. "I tell you it's here! Wistrom wired me it was! When I saw him at Coronado he said it was among his papers!" The chairman's voice rose in almost uncontrollable rage. He struck the desk so fiercely that it bruised his knuckle. "Do you understand that I've got to have it? Can you get that through your head!"

"I went through everything—lifted every paper sheet by sheet. What can I do, Mr. Dustin?" said the secretary.

"Oh, do! Do!" Mr. Dustin had turned white. His lean frame was trembling. At the moment he wished simply to fall upon the secretary and beat him. But Blaine stood before him so like a whipped dog that he someway felt the futility of venting anger upon him. He could not even have that consolation. He writhed a little in his chair, and shouted:

"Why in —— did Wistrom die!"

Blaine tried to look as though he felt that Wistrom was a mere brute to have done it. Dustin took a bite of his nether lip, and so far mastered himself as to say, tersely, "Get out!"

Storm signals and danger signs were invisibly set all over the office. People tiptoed past the chairman's door. Once more Wistrom was regretted. He had known how to handle the old man. There had been something about his big, heavy person which obviously would not stand a "cussing." To-day, Blaine had to threaten to discharge his stenographer before that hireling would go in and tell Dustin that Mr. Brady had come.

For a moment after the young man faded away Dustin gnawed at the unoffending nether lip. Then he mechanically brushed a bony hand over his rumpled hair, arose, crossed the intervening office, and entered the room set apart for meetings of the directors and committees.

A gentleman of large frame stood by the door, gloved, and hat in hand. He wore patent-leather shoes. His dark trousers were precisely creased; his coat a cutaway frock. There was a large opal pin in his puff tie. His jaw was somewhat undershot. He smiled blandly with his mouth; but his gray eyes looked coldly out. Dustin shook hands briefly; and his thought was, "Grin, d——n you!" In a moment Placey, president of the Treasury Bank, and Mayer Schlessinger, of the house of Loman, Schlessinger & Co., came in. The four—together with Burton, president of the road, who was now out of town, and who didn't count for much anyway, as his duties were merely to operate the system—constituted the executive committee of Midland and Atlantic. The business of the meeting—concerning an issue of collateral trust bonds—took half an hour.

This finished, Mr. Dustin caught Mayer Schlessinger's eye; gave him a significant look; nodded almost imperceptibly toward Placey. Thus, when Mr. Brady took his leave, Placey and Schlessinger lingered—as though they were doing it inadvertently. Departing, urbane Mr. Brady favored Mr. Dustin with a still broader and blander smile—above which his gray eyes looked coldly out. There was a little silence after the door closed, which Dustin broke.

"Yellow dog!" he commented under his breath. "He's flirting all the time with the Mississippi and Seashore crowd. I wouldn't trust him around the block. He'll get out of here next year."

Placey and Schlessinger looked interested, but noncommittal.

Dustin glanced rapidly from one to the other—and risked it. "That Westover contract is lost," he said.

"Lost?" Schlessinger questioned incredulously.

"I gave it to Wistrom to take care of," Dustin explained. "There is no copy of it. Before I filed our answer to Westover's suit, in which I denied there was such a contract as he alleged, I asked Wistrom, and he said he had it safe. Again, at Coronado, when we thought he was getting well, I asked him again, and he said he was sure he had it safe. Of course, I always depended upon Wistrom—absolutely. But he died. These blockheads can't find the contract."

Placey—a distinguished-looking man, with sweeping iron-gray mustache and iron-gray hair—put his hand thoughtfully to the mustache. "The contract, as I recollect, mentions rebates," he suggested mildly.

Dustin nodded.

"Over your signature," said Placey. "If the Government can produce that contract in court it can convict you."

"Maybe," said Dustin. "As a matter of fact no rebates have been paid yet. They were to be adjusted at the end of the five years. Our books are clean as a whistle."

Placey shook his head. "I'm afraid that piece of paper would blow you up."

"Don't make any mistake, Placey," the chairman replied. "That piece of paper will never be produced against me."

"But you say it's gone," Schlessinger objected.

"I say they can't find it," Dustin corrected. "Nothing ever got out of Wistrom's hands. I'm banking on him."

At the moment it did not occur to either of them that this was odd—since Wistrom was three months in his grave.

"Here's the play," Dustin continued. "Of course, it was Westover who went to that fellow at Washington and got me indicted. Probably Westover has been talking to Brady, too. I wouldn't put it beyond Brady to know, through some of my people, that we can't find the contract. That grin of his means he thinks he's got me in a corner. What he wants is to have Midland and Atlantic take that Tidewater road off his hands—at a large profit to himself, of course. He's had that trick up his sleeve for a year—waiting until he could catch me right."

"Tidewater isn't worth his price," Schlessinger observed a bit uneasily.

"We won't take it at his price. We'll take it at our own price," Dustin returned. "I know Brady. The way to deal with him is to hit him over the nose before he has time to speak. He'll ask for the earth if you don't. So I'm going to see him before the day is out and tell him that he can sell us Tidewater at a proper price within twenty-four hours or else we'll tie up with Direct Line, which will leave him and his Tidewater high up in the air."

Schlessinger stared admiringly at the chairman, but nervously thrust his thumbs into his vest-pockets. With a slight motion Placey shifted his weight to the other foot. A faint line of doubt appeared in his forehead.

"If you force the play like that, Dustin," he said, rather kindly, "and Brady has that contract, he'll blow you sky-high."

Dustin looked him steadily in the eye. "He hasn't got it. I'll stake my life on it. I wanted to show you just how the ground lies," he added with a certain decisiveness.

Downstairs in the middle of the marble rotunda, the two committeemen halted by a common impulse. "Great Heavens! That man's got the nerve!" Schlessinger murmured, with a sort of fascination. "To go at Brady hammer and tongs like that—when that contract may be in Brady's hands for all he knows!"

"If Brady's got that contract," said Placey with an almost incidental air, "he'll force Dustin out. Not even Dustin could stand up under a conviction in a Federal court, with a jail sentence staring him in the face." They moved on leisurely.

Schlessinger thrust his thumbs into his vest-pockets. "Yes," he assented, and he added philosophically: "Well, Dustin's been a profitable man."

They passed out to the thronged and sunny flagging of lower Broadway. "It's a question," Placey commented, "how much Midland and Atlantic needs Dustin, now that the big fights are over and the system solidly founded."

"Oh, there's always a man for the job," Schlessinger replied, still philosophic. "Brady's got some good propositions, too."

At the corner they turned their backs to brown old Trinity and entered the narrow, fretted cañon of Wall Street. It was a world of men. In the briskly moving streams that overflowed the strip of flagging on either side and spilled into the roadway hardly a woman was to be seen. Many, in the endless press, looked up at the two committeemen with odd little nervous thrills at finding themselves elbow to elbow with a pair of the potentates of the Street—gold lords at whose touch fortunes swelled and shrank. To these habitués it was like seeing half a billion in cash perambulate. They smelled the money.

Mechanically the bankers quickened their pace. They were amid the whir and rush of one of the vastest machines built by man. Its purpose was mainly to throw dice; but it was not the less exciting. Walking briskly on they were busy scanning their hands in view of a sudden change of values that might occur. At the moment Dustin was an ace. With that contract in possession of the Government he would be only a two-spot. Of course, one mustn't be caught when one has his money staked on a deuce.

They separated, Placey turning off to the Treasury Bank, Schlessinger to the sedate marble offices of his firm. He went directly to the senior partner—a grizzled and heavy-shouldered veteran, who listened to his story with the stolid, unblinking gaze that characterized him.

"Very likely somebody's got that contract," the senior commented, plucking meditatively at his silver beard. "Whoever's got it can blow Dustin up. It's good to be around the corner when there's an explosion. We'll sit still and see what turns up. If Brady's got it he'll come to us."

III

MR. DUSTIN was under no illusion. He knew well enough how they were scanning their hands, and with what admirable promptness they would throw him into the discard if Brady made a two-spot of him. Nevertheless, he called up Brady and made an appointment for an interview. Leaving the office at five o'clock he took the subway to Forty-second Street, for that was the simplest way of getting out of this congested region where a carriage had to move at a snail's pace.

As he climbed into a common cab at the Grand Central Station he was aware that it was a magnificent May day; and when, awaiting their turn at the august hand of the crossings policeman, they finally drew into Fifth Avenue, he leaned back in the vehicle with some sense of bodily relaxation.

Two solid columns of cabs, carriages and automobiles rolled up and down the Avenue, fairly filling it from curb to curb. Most of the carriages bore liveried coachman and footman; most of them contained women. The women who walked, brightening the wide flagging with their spring costumes, had a certain smart, sophisticated air. This parade on the Avenue was the triumphal procession of the lucky; and it was as distinctly the world of women as that which he had left behind was the world of men. The money that men fought for down there was poured out up here.

Dustin himself was carelessly, almost shabbily dressed. His cab was a plebeian item in the parade. He was a stranger to the interior of many of the costly houses past which they jogged. He didn't go in for "society" himself, and was rather contemptuous of it. Yet this luxurious, showy, women's world gave breath to his nostrils. He was conscious of his power over it. Outside of it, he was still a master of it; and the incense that it invisibly offered him titillated his brain. There, just off the Avenue, stood an Italian palace whose door gave to the inmost fastness of fashion—one of those several portals to which the women of this world aspired as to the pearly gates. Dustin himself had never crossed the threshold; but the man who owned it had hung in his anteroom like the needy supplicant to a grand seignior. That was far sweeter to him than crossing the threshold. Such was his humor.

This scene about him attracted the eyes of a continent. The doings of these women were spread over the land by telegraph as though they were events of national importance. From coast to coast housemaids gaped and barbers moralized over their gowns and parties. This was a dais, high and sunny, on which the most lucky stood in the view of the whole country. Dustin himself was not really on the dais; but he could reach out his hand and shake it. He could smile and make its sunshine more golden. Those on the dais knew it. Knowing that they knew it repaid him for his toils and stratagems.

His mood to force the fight with Brady sharpened and hardened. Dustin hated the man religiously. For five years his will and Brady's will had been coming together in all sorts of behind-stairs and down-cellar encounters, measuring and feeling of each other like two wary wrestlers; sometimes gripping and trying for a fall. Now, he was going to have a show-down. Either Brady was coming under his thumb, or he was going under Brady's thumb. There was one huge adverse chance, and he was aware of it. If Brady could get hold of that incriminating contract he was beaten.

The cab jogged on to the sunny plaza opposite the park which made a kind of focal point of the Avenue, as the Avenue itself made a focal point of the city, and the city of the country. From the nation a sigh of envy drew to this spot and made its vital air. And the plaza itself envied him! Feeling this, and leaning back in his common cab, Dustin's will was razor-sharp. He to go under slippery Brady's thumb? He was keen to face the man and take a big slash at him.

They passed the marble house of the Metropolitan Club, the leafage of the park at their left, and turned down the cross street in which Dustin's quite modest town residence stood. Then, for the first time, Dustin noticed the smart electric runabout gliding ahead of them; saw it draw up to the curb in front of his house. It was Brady ahead of time.

"Tell Him that He Can Fish or Cut Bait by Twelve o'Clock"

As the large, triply dressed and urbane figure emerged from the shiny runabout, Dustin's nerves tightened. Now for the slash! His quickened brain darted out to that one adverse chance of the contract, and his nervy, half-formulated thought was, "I bank on Wistrom."

Brady's foot was on the brownstone steps when Dustin sprang from the cab. He only half saw two figures on the flagging—a youth and a girl. They seemed to have been coming up to the house and, seeing Brady, to have halted, undecided. In the way one may notice a cart or a cat when running to catch a train, Dustin realized that they were the girl he had seen on the car that morning and the youth who had waylaid him at Midland and Atlantic headquarters. But it could not be said that he thought about them. He called out to Brady.

Mr. Brady paused, smiled pleasantly—all but his eyes—his undershot chin held up in a pose of dignified urbanity. He offered his hand. The two entered the house together. There were no preliminaries. Being seated, Dustin began abruptly:

"Why don't you and the Direct Line people get together? Tidewater and Direct Line might as well be together. We've got to take one or the other, or both, soon."

"Why not take Tidewater?" Mr. Brady replied good-naturedly.

"I can see thirty dollars a share in it."

Brady smiled broadly, even laughed. "It cost me more than that. I should say sixty."

"Spofford was in to see me again to-day," Dustin observed. "I can get Direct Line on a favorable lease now. But I can't wait. I've got to fish or cut bait. He's coming again at noon to-morrow."

"Why be in a hurry?" Brady rejoined, still blandly. "As you are under indictment just now any move you make will be criticised."

(Continued on Page 31)

THE DIARY OF DELIA

Being a Veracious Chronicle of the Kitchen with Some Side Lights on the Parlor

By ONOTO WATANNA

A WEEK later. Cleening day. Nobody but a dummed eediot wud put the desateful-looking matting down on dacint flures. The doost and dirt finds a natchell place to settle down betwane the cracks. I was rubbing it over wid a damp cloth in Mr. Wolley's stoody whin he cam in wid the male. In wan hand he held a grate boonch of letters, in the uther wan ploomp, fine-looking letter by itsilf. He looks quare.

"Has Mr. James gon to town yet?" he asks.

"No, sir" ses I. "Its riting at home he is to-day. He's in his room, sir."

"Ah!" ses the auld gintleman, and, joost thin, Miss Claire cum into the room. Her cheeks are flooshed and she looks ixsited and ankshus.

"You have a letter for me, papa, havent you?" ses she.

The auld gintleman had throost the fat letter hastily into his pocket. As Miss Claire spoke he fussed over the boonch in his uther hand.

"Let me see," ses he, going over thim. "No—there's nuthing, my deer," ses he.

She seemed so disappoynted that, for a moment, she joost stared at the auld gintleman. Then she ses gintly: "Papa, waant there an English male in yistiday?"

"I belave there was," ses he.

She put out her hand impetchussly and ses she: "Let *me* see, papa?"

She wint over the letters, wan be wan. She picked out wan little roll, and she ses:

"Nothing—nothing at all for me—ixcipt this." Thin she wint out from the room suddintly.

The auld gintleman looked after her wid a look fool of compashun and guilt. Then he sneeked out of the room.

"You auldd divil!" ses I to mesilf. "Its a letter ye've got in your pockit for Miss Claire, and the puir thing shull have it if I have to turn thafe to get it for her."

Wid that I wint after the auld rascal. I hurd the dure of Mr. James' room shut, and I wint into the bathroom adjyning, and, wid wan eer to the dure, I lissened.

"James ——" ses Mr. Wolley stipping in.

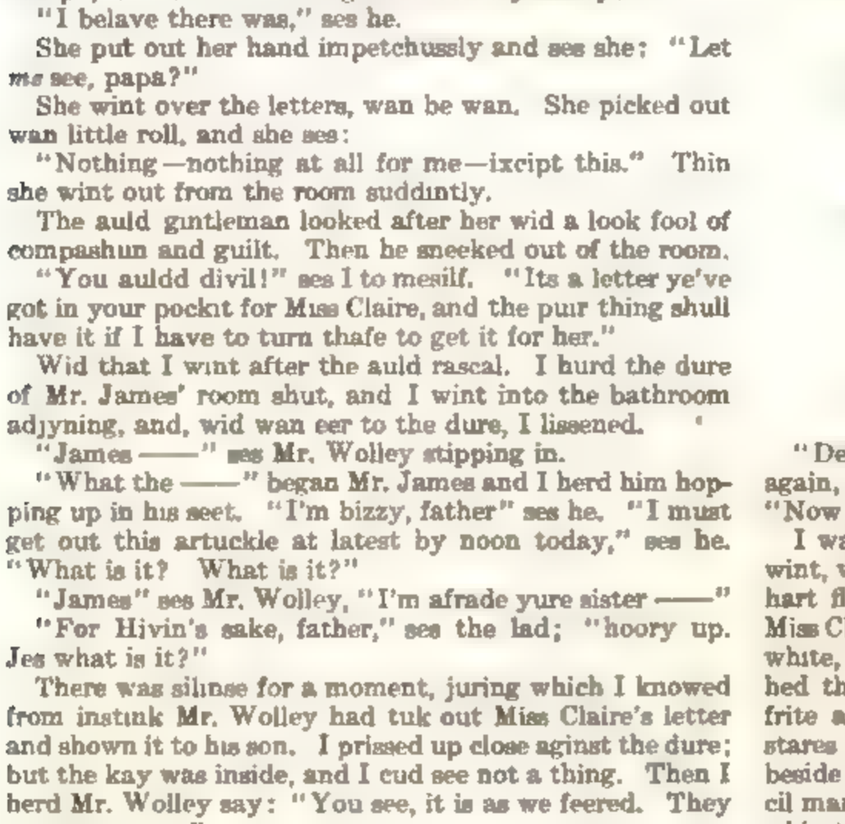
"What the ——" began Mr. James and I herd him hopping up in his seet. "I'm bizzy, father" ses he. "I must get out this artuckle at latest by noon today," ses he. "What is it? What is it?"

"James" ses Mr. Wolley, "I'm afrade yure sister ——"

"For Hivin's sake, father," ses the lad; "hoory up. Jes what is it?"

There was silinse for a moment, juring which I knowed from instinkt Mr. Wolley had tuk out Miss Claire's letter and shown it to his son. I prissed up close aginst the dure; but the kay was inside, and I cud see not a thing. Then I herd Mr. Wolley say: "You see, it is as we feered. They are corry ——"

"Hauld on!" ses Mr. James, lowering his voyce, and again there follered a sylinse. Suddintly, the dure flew open and I fell upon me face into the room. Mr. James saized me by the neck of me gown and hauled me oop.



"Why, Sharon," Ses He (Sharon Being Frinch for Mavourneen), "It is as it Shud be ——"

And, Wid Wan Eer to the Dure, I Lissened

"Delia!" ses he; "ef I ever catch you at sooch a thrick again, I'll—I'll throw you out of the winder," ses he. "Now git!" ses he, and I sloonk aff in shame.

I was coming down the stares, scurce looking whare I wint, whin all of a suddint I seen sumthing which sint me hart flying into me mouth. There, by the winder, was Miss Claire striched out on the flure. Her face looked orful white, and fur a moment the dredful thort cam into me hed that the puir yung thing was ded. I scramed wid frite and agunny, and I joomped doon the rist of the stares and run to the child. The paper was on the flure beside her—a torn peece of noospaper, and I seen the pincil marks in blue upon it. The family cam rooshing down whin they herd me scrame, and, at the site of Miss Claire, they all seemed about to faynt also. Mrs. Wolley guv a friteful scrame, and Mr. John throo his arms aboot her and put her into a chare. Mr. James picked up the bit of paper, turned it over and red: "Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Robbins announse the ingagemint of their dorter, Miss Una, to Mr. Harry Judd Dudley, son of S. Judd Dudley of New York. The widding will tak place Choosday the 21st. of October."

There was silince thin, the hole family looking at aich other and then at puir Miss Claire. Thin Mr. Wolley spoke. "Boys," ses he "carry your sister gintly to her room."

It were a sorry loonch the family et. Mr. John scurcely opened his mouth wanse to spake, and Mr. James spoke only wanse. He sed camly: "Father," ses he, "I've desided to refuse the London corryspondunt job."

Mr. Wolley turned feercely upon little, innersint Billy: "Billy," ses he, "ef you play wid yure salt at the table wanse again," ses he; "I'll tak me razer strap to you."

Thin he tuk 2 angry bits at me rolls, and stomped oot to the frunt porch. Looking out, I seen him scowling at the Dudley house.

Neyther Miss Claire or her mother cum doon to loonch.

"Mr. John," ses I, whin all had left the table ixcipt him: "Is Miss Claire all rite now?"

He put his fingies into the fingy bowl and wiped thim thortfully:

"I'm going across the strate," ses he. "I belave Jane can make it all rite," ses he, as if spaking to himsilf.

I was washing the family dishes in the butler's pantry, when I seen Miss Claire cum saftly doon the stares. She'd got on a little pink drissing-gown over her nite dress and her long yillow hare was hanging all aboot her. She seen me looking at her; but, whin I wint forward to spake to her, she made a little, impashunt moshun wid her hand, and I stud back. She wint over to the tullyfone and guv a number.

Then I herd her say:

"Is this the Planut? Yiss. Well I want the idiotoryell department. Hello!" ses she, "I want to spake to Mr. Allun—Allun—I sed Allun," ses she, gitting exsited, and she spelled the name. She wated a bit, and thin: "Good morning, Mr. Allen," ses she. "This is Miss Wolley—Wolley—Claire Wolley," ses she. "Now lissen—annownce me ingagemint in tomorrer marning's Planut—and say that I deny it but its so," ses she, beginning to larf hysturicully. "Whats that?" ses she, "Oh, his name? His name you said? Why, how silly of me! His name is—er—Stevin Vandybilt. Oh! thank you," ses she. "*I* hope so, too" ses she. "What's that? Oh! thanks. Yes, yes, of corse, he's wan of *the* Vandybilts. Goodbye."

She toorned aboot, an I seen her grasp hold of the back of a chare. She laned aginst it, and she begun to shake, and thin she larfed. She larfed so hard and quarely that she fell upon her nees. Then I ran oop to her, and thried to put me arms about her, but she guv me a feerce poosh, and, ses she, wid her eyes flushing: "Don't tooch me! Dont dare put yure hand upon me. Its all yure folt. It was you who brort us thegither. It was you who —— Ah, ha ha ha ha ha!" ses she, larfing and crying thegither.

The widder cam in wid Mr. John, and she run over to Miss Claire wid her arms spred out.

"O me, deer. Me deer!" ses she, "I worned you! I told you!"

But Miss Claire has cum back to her sinses.

"Mrs. Bangs," ses she, "I am not in nade of inny sympithy. Excuse me. Good marning," ses she, and wint up the stares and back to her room. We hurd the dure banged tite.

The widder burst into teers; and, as fur me, puir, loan, onhappy crachure that I be, I betuk mesilf to me ritched kitchen and cryed me hart out into me clane, starched table aprun.

I thort the day wud niver ind, and whin the Frinch charfer from the Dudleys came over, its small eers I had for his foine spache:

"Museer," ses I; "its a hart-broken wumman I am, and its small cumfut I'm taking in yer perlite langwige to-nite."

"Mumsell Delia," ses he; "belave me on me sacred onor, I adoar you wid me hart and soal. Be mine," ses he.

Mr. Moolvaney coming in joost thin, guv a larf at the Frinchman, which made the puir museer furyiss: "Mumsell," ses he; "I be not of the forchune-hoonting sort, as yere frind there," ses he.

"What's that ye're after saying?" ses Larry, at wanse. "Did you spake me name?" ses he.

The Frinchman stud his grownd bravely, and, droring himsilf prowdly up, faced Mr. Moolvaney wid a stare.

Cryed Me Hart Out into Me Clane, Starched Table Aprun

"Ah, Go Wan, Larry Mulvaney!" Ses I, Guving Him a Squeze of His Arm

"Jaccuse," ses he, "Museer Mulvaney of wooing the lady wid his eye on her forchune. Jaccuse"—ses he, but Mr. Mulvaney had him by the collar of his coat and museer was setting outside on the lon befure I cud rise to protist. Whin Mr. Mulvaney cam back I'm that insinsed wid his avil manners and the revylashun of his meen and greedy caracter that I skurcely cud aven look at him.

"Mr. Mulvaney," ses I; "its a puir, hard working girl I am, and its a mistake ye're making in yure forchune-hoonting hart whin ye think I'm after being rich! Ah, go!" ses I; "I'm doon wid avery wan of you."

And I wint oop to me milincully room, me hart sore and aking; for Miss Claire do be hating me feercely now, and Larry Mulvaney is no better than the Frinchman, but is after me puir bit of forchune. Ah wirrah! wirrah! wirrah! Its a sorry day whin me muther bore me.

Nixt day. I was doing up the bed in Mr. Wolley's room whin Miss Claire walked in. She wint into her father's closet and cam out wid her arms fool of his cotes. These she set on the bed and camly wint to wark sarching throo his pockits. Arfter a bit she cam upon what she's looking for—the fat litter which arrived yistyday. She hild it in her hand a sicond, her eyes closing oop. Thin, suddintly, she wint over to the fire place. She toar the litter acrosst, invillip and all, then neeling throo it into the grate and set it on fire. Joost thin her father cam in, and she looked oop at him and smiled.

"Why, Claire?" ses he, "What are you doin?"

"Papa," ses she, "sumthing told me that *he* had ritten. I soospected you yistyday. I've jest been boorning the letter. Hereafter, papa," ses she, "whin anny more such letters cum, trate thim in the same way *—burn thim!—burn thim!—burn thim!*"

Thin she stared up at him, wid her cheeks all red and feverish, and she cryed out suddintly, "Oh papa! papa!" ses she, crowched doon on the harth and sobbed, wid her face all concuvvered and the teers joost poring down.

"My puir Claire!" ses the auld man brokenly. Then he seen me, and spoke in a feerce voyce: "Lave the room, Delia!"

Whin I was gitting ondrissed tonite I herd me dure opening, and I guv a lowd yill, fer I'm in me chimmy aloan. As Miss Claire cum in, I rooshed into me closet, and I spoak to the child frum behind the harf-closed dure.

"What is it, darlint?" ses I. "Its ashamed I am fur you to see me in dishabeel. What is it, swatehart?"

"Delia," ses she, in the gintlest voyce, "plase forgive me for my croolty and ingratichude. I've been thortless and oongrateful too," ses she, spaking into the closet. "For aven oonder the sircumstunces I doant regret—Harry. So you'll stay—won't you, Delia?" ses she.

"Stay miss?" ses I. "Why, darlint, you cuddent roon me out wid a steem roller."

Another day. It do be thray weeks today sinse Miss Claire's after anounsing her ingagemint to Mr. Vandybilt. The family kept silinse upon the subjeck. Its a straynge and sad house its after being now.

Both Mr. John and James wint back to there rayspictif places in the sity on Siptimber 1st, after having spint the intyre summer doing there riting at the hoose.

Mr. James do be a famiss riter and there's hardly a paper pooblished but has a pichure of himsilf looking out frum the frunt page, bauld and agrissive looking, for shure the lad do have his back oop against the intyre warld. Hes jyned the Soshilist and Annykist ordher, I'm after rading in the papers, and its intinded by him (ses wan of the papers, which always nos a person's plans befure there made) to live in the slooms for the rist of his life, devoating himsilf to sittlemint wark amang the Rooshin Jews.

Mr. Wolley's masheen broak doon aboot a fortnite ago, and the auld gintleman is like a child widout his favrite toy. He do be wayting ivery day for the new carbureater to arrive, and, manewile, he spinds all his time fooling about wid the masheen that isn't rooning anny longer. Mrs. Wolley has dridful, narviss hidakes, injooced, so she told me in confydunse, as mooch by her wurry over Miss Claire as frum anny uther cause.

As for Miss Claire hersilf—Puir child! She do be that quiet and shrinking in her ways. Theres skurcely a site I'm getting of the child ixcipt at male times.

Its not warth intering up the milincully ivints of the sad days, and shure I'll be glad, indade, whin we move back to town in a fu weeks now.

There be no troo Nites abownding in this sad and loansum cuntry, for the Nites are an avarashus lot. Since the news wint abrord that I'm having me little bit of forchune in the bank, I've been pistered wid the dummed forchune-hoonters till I begin to look wid soospishun on ivery dummed man that spakes to me at all.

Ah; its a sad thing to be ritch in these days; for the lads cum acoorting wid wan eye on yere pockit and the ither on yere face. Since museer infarmed me of the greedy hart of Mr. Mulvaney its nivver a avil ward I've handed the lad since, and he pretinding to be beside himsilf wid disthress and begging me ivery day to go wid him to the praste.

"Mr. Mulvaney," ses I; "whin Delia O'Malley is riddy to marry she'll be choosing a thrifty lad wid a farchune larger than her own. Ivery dummed wan of those unforchnut crachures do be washing after marruge, handing over there hard-airned wages to the cauld-harted goomps they've been loonyticks enuff to marry. Larry Mulvaney," ses I; "its a smart lad ye are; but Delia O'Malley sees throo yere thricks."

"Delia, me darlint," ses he, wid such airnestness I'm almost like to belave him. "I wish," ses he, "ye'd tak

Miss Claire Cum Steoling Down, Her Coat and Hat in Her Hand

yere munney frum the bank and drap it into the well," ses he. "Its you I want," ses he; "not yere auld munney."

"Mr. Mulvaney," ses I cauldly. "Anny wan but an eediot," ses I, "cud fish up a bit of munney put doon in a well."

To museer I likewise ixprissed mesilf consarning forchune-hoonters in gineral and furriners in pertickler.

"Museer," ses I, "I oonderstand its the custum in yure cuntry for the wimmen to guv over there bit of a forchune to there worthliss hoosbunds?"

"Nay, but me share, Mumsill Delia," ses he. "Is it not thin a grand custum? Think, sharee," ses he. "Hoo shud be the custoadyun of the joynt with of such a onion, if not the hed of the family? Why, sharee," ses he (sharee being Frinch for mavorneen), "it is as it shud be," ses he.

"Museer," ses I, "I may be auld-fashuned, but I shtand here riddy to state the following facks. I'm a hard warking girl and befure I'd see me hard airned savings parss into the hands of a good-fur-nuthing dusiloot Frinch husbund I'd throw it into purgatry and burn it oop insted.

Good marning, museer," ses I. "Will you plase ixcuse me this avening."

A week later. I got ap this marning at seven. While wiping me face after giving it a good sousing wid warter, I chanst to look from me winder. I seen the rane poaring down frum a gray and milincully sky.

"Its a sad day its going to be today," ses I to mesilf, little noing the throoth of the matter.

The day itsilf, to be shure, passed away as yushil. I warked and cooked. The family et. The house looked dark and gloomy, and I belave it cheered us all up a bit whin I'm tooming on the lites.

After dinner I planned to rite to Minny, and so was hurrying throo the washing of me pots and pans in the sink whin I herd me bastemint dure open and close wid a bang, and ses I to mesilf: "Its that bauld Larry Mulvaney walking into me kitchin widout the dacinsy aven of nocking." So I kipt me contenshus back toorned aven whin the stips cam along throo the bastemint hall and paused at me kitchin dure. Thin I herd a voyce spaking me name:

"Delia!"

I toorned aboot, and thin I lit out a turrible yell which I shoot up quickly be throosting me dish cloth into me open mouth. For there, sthtanning in me kitchin, his long coat dripping wid water, the coller toorned up about his eers, and his saft filt hat pooled doon over his eyes, was

She Wint Over to the Tillyfone and Guv a Number

Mr. Harry Dudley himsilf. His eyes looked straynge, and his face was all oonshavin aboot the chin. He cum tords me quickly and clapped a hand on me showlder. If I hadent reckynised the lad, shure I'd be taking him for a thramp.

"Go upstares," ses he; "and bring Claire—Miss Wolley doon. I want," ses he, "to see her at wanse."

"Yes, sir" ses I, trimbling wid ixsitemint; for he do have the wild look of a mainyack in his eye.

I rooshed up the stares to Miss Claire's room, and, forgitting to nock, wint in.

"Miss Claire," ses I, me breth cuming in gasps, "w-wud ye be so kind to step into me kitchin a moment."

She stud up, looking at me surprysed and bewildyed.

"What's the matter, Delia?" ses she.

"Plase hilp me, Miss Claire," ses I. "For Hivin's sake," ses I, gitting exsited, "cum down at wanse."

"Are you and Larry fiting again?" ses she. "What can I do this time?" ses she, but she let me leed her along doon the stares, and thegither we cum to the bastemint. Me kitchin dure was open, and, I belave, she seen Mr. Harry setting there befure shes cum into the room; fur all of a suddint she guv a turrible start and pulled away frum me arm, trying to go back oop the stares. At that I called: "Mr. Harry!"

And thin he stud up, and she wint slowly tord him. They stud for a moment, looking at aich uther, widout spaking a wurd. Then, he tuk his hat off and put it on the table, and she thried to spake and cuddent say a word. I seen her looking wid horrer at his dripping clothes and wite, haggud face, and, I belave, she guv a little sob; for so it sownded. Thin he spake in a saft voyce, looking at her full in the eyes.

"Claire," ses he; "I tuk a bote back fur home harf an hour after yure letter and that—that—cursed paper came," ses he. Thin he stopped a bit. "I've cum up strate from the steemer now. I havent been home. Tell me the trooth," ses he. "Why did you threat me in that way?" ses he.

She did not anser, but the culur cum back to her pale face and she raysed up her hed prowdly.

"Am I to belave," ses he; "that *you* wud throw me over for a chap wid more munney? Claire!" He wint a step tord her, his hands hild out. "For Hivin's sake," ses he "till me that it is all sum horribul mistake."

She wint back frum him.

"Mr. Dudley," ses she. "I quistshun yure rite to inquire into me affares; but, if you wish me simply to verryfy the annowncemint of me ingagemint to Mr. Vandybilt, I do so."

He guv a grone, and set down in the chare, laning forward, wid his hands prissed thegither.

Miss Claire stud there cauldly, but she did not look at Mr. Harry anny more.

Suddintly he throo back his hed and guv a little larf. Thin he got up and picked up his hat and moved tord the dure.

"Stop!" ses Miss Claire, toorning rownd suddintly. "Wait wan minit" ses she. "Answer me this, Mr. Dudley," ses she. "What rite have you, an ingaged man, to spake to me in such a way?"

"What rite have *I*?" ses he, looking bitterly amoosed. "Yes," ses he, "throo. I *was* ingaged wance, Miss Wolley. I belave," ses he, "that I guv you me muther's ring."

"No!" ses she, and her vyse rung out pashunutly. "Not that! I dont meen that ingagemint—ef you considered it ever such," ses she, and her voyce catched oop in her throte which she hild wid her hand. "I mane," ses she, "yure ingagemint to Una Robbins. You ——"

He looked so flabbygasted that she stopped.

"What do you mane?" ses he.

"Oh, you know, you know," ses she. "Befure you were gone a fortnite," ses she "yure ingagemint was annownced."

"My ingage ——? *Claire!*" ses he horsely, and he saized hold of her hand vilintly. "There's sum misurble mistake. You've been misled, desaved."

"No, no, no!" ses she, struggling to free her hands, which he let go suddintly. "It was annownsed," ses she. "You know it. You *know* it."

"Annownced whare?" ses he cauldly.

"In the London Queen."

"When?"

"I doant ——"

It was thin I spoke up; for I'd taken the paper frum the recipshun hall the day Miss Claire faynted, intinding to burn the dummed thing. I now guv it to Mr. Harry. He toorned it over contemshusly. Thin, he guv the paper a long scrootiny. Finully, he looked up and fixed his eyes on Miss Claire. His voyse wuz very cam and quiet.

"This notiss," ses he; "was published exactly three and a half yeers ago. If you had aven taken the thrubble to examine the paper you wud have seen that, aven tho the date is torn off. Thank you for your faith in me," ses he. "Who sint this I do not no. Probably my father. And now," ses he, "there's nothing more to say. I hope you will be happy, Claire. I dont know Vandybilt" ses he; "but—still I hope you will be happy. Goodnite," ses he; and he wint oot of the dure, widout looking at her again.

I seen her wake oop like wan coming out of a transe. She guv a little moan, and thin she wint following after him to the hall.

"Harry! Harry!" she called in the dark. I herd him stop short, and thin her voyse again. "Oh, forgive me!" ses she. "I—I faynted at the time. I never sor the paper again. My—my hart was broken, for I loved you so—I love you yet," ses she.

And thin I hurd him joomp tord her.

"But yure—ingagemint to Vandybilt?" ses he horsely.

"There's *no* Mr. Vandybilt," ses she. "I—I made it up" ses she; and, then, she stopped spaking and crying too, fur he's got his arms aboot her and her lips closed oop wid his.

I toorned away and sobbed. How long they stud I do not know; but it was a long time whin finully he starts

(Continued on Page 24)

THE CAVE MAN

By JOHN CORBIN

Wistar, Haggard and Spectral, Walked, Cautious and Erect, up the Marble Steps

XXXI

WHEN Minot returned from his interview with Sears his report of the old man's attitude confirmed Wistar's worst apprehensions. It took no clairvoyance to read in it the vacillation of a soul sorely tried—the traditions and habits of a gentleman in unequal combat with plausible temptation and inherent moral weakness.

"I'm going to get up and go out," Wistar announced to the nurse.

There was something in his voice that alarmed her. But she speedily recovered confidence. "Try it," she said. It was a bold course to take, but she trusted in her patient's good sense.

Slowly Wistar rose in bed, his face tortured with pain.

"Bravo!" she said, mocking him. "You stand it almost as well as a woman would. But now let's see you walk!" After so long a spell in bed the strongest man is like a baby in its first effort to command its legs.

Wistar rose to his feet, and, though his head swam, he managed to make his way to where his clothes were laid in the wardrobe. "My dear Miss Peters," he said, "for three weeks I have been flicking my muscles, just so I could do this if I had to."

"You sha'n't go!" she cried, now thoroughly alarmed. "One strain on your side and you will tear open the wound!"

Wistar had been moving with catlike softness and smoothness of motion. "I know it," he said. "That's why I'm so careful."

"You are risking your life!" she cried. And Minot, standing by, took part with her.

"The lives of others are at stake," he said to Minot. "Will you kindly tell Mrs. Minot—my own condition entitles me to be heard—that she is to take care of her health? I guarantee that she is justified—that she would not be justified if she didn't!" Then he turned to the nurse. "And it's a matter of more than life, Miss Peters. It is a matter of justice and honor. If you try to force me back I shall resist—*you* know what that may mean! Let me go and I shall see that no harm is done to the wound."

If Miss Peters had known the crisis as well as she knew the man, she would have sat on his head as it had lain on the pillow.

When the motor entered Washington Square and glided up to the curb, Judith had been looking out at the window; and as Wistar, haggard and spectral, walked, cautious and erect, up the marble steps, supported between Minot and Miss Peters, she hurried to the door. Intuitively she took in the situation. "You mustn't!" she pleaded. "All that we promised you—father, Stanley—as long as you live, they must keep their word. By risking your life you risk everything! And what can you possibly gain!"

His suffering made him benign. "I gain this," he said, "that after to-day there will no longer be any doubt about the new things. I love the old ones, but I know they ought all to be more so."

"It's no use," said Minot; and even Miss Peters pleaded that he might be allowed to do what he must as quickly as possible. So they toiled up the stairs within, and presently Wistar stood before his four associates, the anguished pallor of his cheeks standing out from the black neckerchief and fur coat which he had thrown around him.

"Am I in time?" he asked of Onderdonk.

"Yes! To be bundled back to bed, where you belong!"

"Am I in time!" Wistar repeated sternly.

"Just in time," said Billy, obeying a sign from Minot and Miss Peters.

Wistar sank back into an easy chair and looked about him. "What I say must be short. But it will be to the point. Where are we?"

Minot went out, and with a final word of caution Miss Peters followed.

"Penrhyn owns that he has got out his knife," said Onderdonk, "and he has proposed to make Smith chief executive in your place."

Penrhyn's teeth set. "That motion," he said, "has been carried."

Onderdonk raised his hand with a significant gesture. "But it has not been declared so by the chairman! Wistar votes with me against it!"

I do," said Wistar.

"Now," cried Billy, "the deciding vote rests with Mr. Sears!"

Wistar looked to the old man, upon whose rectitude, he felt, the world was staked. "You will not forget!" he said, in a voice none the less stern because it was soft and subdued. "Law is law, and honor is honor!"

Sears was silent.

Penrhyn cut in with decision. "Because old John Sherman passed a freak bill against trusts, are we to have our hands tied? That law is broken every day, by every big industry in the country. Have you ever heard that any trust manager has been sent to prison? Have any of them been fined more than a shop-girl's carfare?"

"Will you say all that," Wistar asked, very quietly, "in the open board of directors—before the stockholders in the annual meeting?"

"Yes! A thousand times! *They* listen to a trust-buster! You make me laugh. They will turn you down like *that!* And they are right. You are bound down by narrow, academic scruples. We are looking to the future of a great industry."

Wistar laid his head back on the chair. "Penrhyn the philanthropist!" he said.

"Wistar does not believe in monopolies in trade," Penrhyn shot back at him with mounting rancor, "but he does not scruple to pose as having a monopoly here of wisdom and virtue."

Smith ventured an inward chuckle.

"I have no wish to bust Wistar's virtue-trust." Penrhyn pursued, his eyes and his words trained upon Sears, "yet it is something that the gentlemen I represent are meeting a foreign aggression with the vision and the will of statesmen."

Wistar leaned forward, his eyes like wind-swept coals in his ashen cheeks. He, also, spoke to Mr. Sears. "This is the holiest exhortation to virtue since the oil trade was plundered to establish universities and churches. Has Mr. Penrhyn detailed to you what he is doing to the independent manufacturers—to Franklin Minot, for example?"

Sears shook his head.

"I tried to make him," said Billy. "He refused."

"Minot came with me," Wistar answered. "Ask him in."

"I object!" cried Penrhyn. "This is unheard of—a low trick to work on our sympathies!"

Wistar looked firmly at Sears. "Your decision, Mr. Chairman," he said.

"Show Minot in," said Sears.

"I knew you would be with us, sir," said Billy.

Wistar lay back again in his chair. Even now he shrank from the danger of exposing the old man to Onderdonk, and he rejoiced in this sign that such extreme measures would not be necessary.

As Minot entered he looked in alarm to Wistar. "For God's sake, man, think of yourself," he pleaded. "Already you've been here five minutes. Let me take you home."

Onderdonk took the cue, and together they laid hands on Wistar's shoulders.

For the first time Wistar lost his self-control. "Everybody tries to bully me!" he said, with the grievance, in fact, the petulance, of the invalid. "And I am weak. I need all the strength I have."

The two men stood apart from him.

"Tell Mr. Sears," Wistar said to Minot, "what these men are doing to you."

"It's the old game. They have forced the makers of wheels and bodies to raise their rates to me twenty per cent. The foundries charge me double for my castings. And I gather that half of what they squeeze out of me they are giving to you people in the way of secret rebates."

"Is this so? Is this so?" said Wistar to Penrhyn. "If you deny it, we can prove it against you by our books."

"Now, I *Must* Fight, Though Every Blow Falls on Your Golden Head"

"I don't deny it," Penrhyn answered sullenly.

"You and the makers of parts," commented Wistar, "have cut the throat of this man, and together you are drinking his blood!"

"Put it that way if it pleases you!"

"Is that all, Minot?"

"Not half! When they failed to force me to sell my invention they lured away my foreman, and have started to steal it from me."

Penrhyn and Smith were silent.

"That is impossible," said Mr. Sears. "You are protected by your patent."

"You are fortunate to be so ignorant of patent law. Men who have had experience in it know that a big concern like yours dares to do anything. My own lawyer advises me not to fight, but to sell out to you if you offer me half a price."

"I think I can say for my colleagues," said Sears, "that we stand ready to give you a full price. We shall not haggle. What we have at heart is the good of the industry—a great American industry."

"You say 'sell out.' What you mean is sell out and get out. If I meant to do that do you think I would have said what I did? My business is my own. I made it, and as long as I live I shall control it! For twenty years I fought against injustice when my family was sick and starving. There is still sickness; and what you threaten may mean starvation. But there's plenty of fight left in me. Give me my right—what I asked three months ago and I will work with you and for you. Try to hold me up, and I will sell my life dear, I tell you! An American industry! I am an American merchant. As long as I live I shall be free!"

A dead silence followed the outburst. Penrhyn and Smith sat unmoved. Sears fidgeted.

"This answer is final?" Wistar asked.

"Final," said Minot.

"I'm sorry," Wistar said "but I would have done the same."

He bowed and Minot went out.

"Since you have raised the question of patriotism, Mr. Sears," Wistar said slowly, "let me say that it is the one which I myself hold most deeply at heart. Perhaps you have not noticed what is happening in this Hamiltonian republic of ours, this Jeffersonian democracy? The movement is slow, but already it has gained a mighty momentum. The spirit of the time is swinging us to two extremes—a heartless plutocracy and a rabid proletariat. The factions are violently opposed to each other, but they are more violently opposed to every valuable instinct in American life. If things continue as they are going, one of two ends must come an empire or Socialism. The hope for the future of the republic, I believe, rests with men placed as we are placed—upon the vigor and the honesty with which we combat the greed of the money power."

"Rot!" interrupted Penrhyn. "You talk like an idiotorial."

Wistar looked at him quickly, the glow in his eye leaping into flame. "A great American industry!" he cried, his voice rising to its full power. "You, Stanley Penrhyn, and you, Irvingdale Smith, are slaughtering Minot and his fellows because they stand in the way of your private greed!"

Penrhyn jumped to his feet. "This is a personal attack!" he shouted.

"You have discovered that!" Wistar laughed bitterly. "It is—because it is the answer to a personal attack! I hoped I should not have to make it—for your sake, Mr. Sears, and for the sake of those who belong to you. But you force me. Before I speak, I give you one more chance to side with me against these men."

Sears' distress was pitiful to see; but he was silent, and Wistar was obliged to play his trump card.

"When Penrhyn urged me to join you even then he was planning to wrest my power away from me, to use it for his own evil ends. He tricked me then as he has tried to trick me now."

"Oh, come on, Wistar!" said Smith with burly expostulation. "You've allowed this thing to get on your nerves. You're not feeling well. Since you must talk, let's talk about something pleasant!"

"I call for the question!" Penrhyn cried.

"It is true—I'm not feeling well!" Wistar rose slowly from his chair, swept his antagonists with a glance of fire, and then looked steadily at Sears. As he did so his hand clutched at his groin. "Every beat of my heart stabs me

in this half-healed wound! But if my side opened again and let out my entrails I would proclaim what this man is!"

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" cried Penrhyn. And then, with the effect of adorning a phrase, he added: "Yow! Yow! Yow!"

"The theft of my papers from my safe two years ago—it was Penrhyn who put Andrews up to it and paid for it."

Penrhyn's face mantled with rage and hate. "Andrews has peached!" he cried.

Wistar smiled through his pain. "You yourself have peached—in these very words you speak! Andrews is discreet. He is paid too well. He is kept in cold storage—blackmail!"

"He calls it my ice-bill," said Penrhyn, recovering a cynical composure. "But you can't prove it."

"I *can* prove it." Wistar paused and the silence of fear fell upon his four associates. It was the critical moment, and he ably took advantage of it. "What is more," he concluded, "I can prove that Mr. Sears was party to that theft."

Billy stared from Wistar to Sears, from Sears to Penrhyn, and then fixed his eyes on the old gentleman.

Penrhyn was not to be surprised into a second confession. "It's a lie!" he shouted.

But Sears spoke also. "I used all my influence against it," he said. "But he would not listen to me."

"Yet you knew what he was doing," Wistar incisively reminded him. "And you aided him by your silence. You can't deny that!"

"Neither can you prove it," Penrhyn retorted, "against him or against me!"

"Andrews invested the money in our stock. Will you be able to explain where he got the money?"

Penrhyn was clearly taken aback. "How do you know that?" he cried.

"From my broker—by accident. The night of the theft I saw Andrews leaving your rooms. To this day he goes to see you regularly to collect the money on which he lives."

Penrhyn was dumb.

Wistar turned to Mr. Sears. "I call on you to defeat his motion, to stand by me till this man is driven from power. If you don't I shall prove him a thief—in the court of common criminals, where he belongs."

For a moment Penrhyn was crushed. But his face soon cleared and gave evidence of his intensely active mind. Finally it broke into a smile of triumph: "Oh, will you do all those things?" he said coolly. "Do you remember who was with me when I met Andrews? It was Mr. Sears. Do you remember to whom Andrews sent the letter? To Mr. Sears. Make any charge you choose. In a court of law it is he who will have to answer."

Mr. Sears rose from his chair, his face one note of abject fear. "I did it under protest," he found words to say.

"You dirty blackguard!" said Onderdonk to Penrhyn. "Get out of this house, or I'll kick you out."

"Stop!" said Wistar. "There is a motion before the house."

Penrhyn donned an air of magnanimity. "I will do all any man can to take what responsibility belongs to me. But the facts are the facts. It rests with Wistar to say whether Mr. Sears is to be branded as a criminal, his family the family of a criminal."

It was Wistar's turn to stand silent and amazed. Penrhyn's reasons for sparing the old man, he was inclined to believe, had once been no less than his own. But two years had passed, of the record of which he was ignorant. Very likely the young financier would not be equal to his threat. But abyss after abyss of baseness had yawned before him, and now the deepest of all. He did not dare, he had not the strength, to put the threat to the test.

"You don't answer?" Penrhyn said sardonically. "Right enough! People don't do these things! Meantime, I call for the previous question."

The old man's lips parted as if he were about to speak, but no words came.

"It rests with you, Mr. Chairman!" Penrhyn prompted him. "With scruples such as Wistar's, all your life long you have failed in deal after deal—risked everything, and lost it. I bring you one last chance—the biggest you ever had—or any man! You believe with me. Whether you stand by me or not, I shall win. If you value your position as a director, as an officer of the corporation, if you believe in the future we hope, you will help me down this trust-busting fool here and now."

Wincing before Penrhyn, Sears turned in agitation to Wistar. "Of this crime you speak of," he said, "you know I am innocent. As to the general question of our policy as a consolidation I can only say that I disagree with you."

"The motion is carried!" Penrhyn shouted. "We win!"

Sears nodded.

Onderdonk started to his feet in amazement. But Wistar sank faintly into his chair.

XXXII

FOR the moment Wistar's strength was spent; but he had not fainted—he was not the fainting kind. As he lay exhausted in his chair, tortured by the pain in his side, he heard a raucous whisper of Smith's to Penrhyn, the purport of which only gradually dawned upon him.

"Did you get on to Wistar?" the amiable pirate said. "Half-dead as he is, the hair on the back of his neck rose and bristled. When a man has that kind of fight in him—thank Heaven, we've got the drop on him! I'm off to get busy—you know!"

That could only mean one thing. Ignorant of Wistar's slow, steady buying in the past, and convinced that he was now intending for the first time to fight them for control, they were thinking to get into the market ahead of him and forestall him. It was the thing Wistar most desired, for it gave him the chance to sell his considerable holdings, get out of the trust with a profit, and range himself with Minot against it—to stand once again where he had stood at first, and with no less fighting power. In itself this would be a dangerous blow. If, as Wistar had reason to believe, Penrhyn and Sears had plunged on the speculation in rubber, it was not unlikely to ruin the trust, and both of them with it.

Then came the friendly voice of Billy. "If it's a question of fight, old man, tell me what to do!"

In alarm at Wistar's collapse, Sears, mindful of his duty as a host, had gone out to summon the nurse. Penrhyn had followed Smith into the hall. Left alone with Billy, Wistar outlined his plan. "Do you think we can do it?" he asked.

"If *you* think we can, I think so, too."

"I think we can. But are you willing to follow me into the last ditch? Even if it ruins Mr. Sears and that means Miss Sears! Think of it, and then think of it again!"

"Think! I can't think! All I can do is to see red and go blind with rage!"

"Then wait till you can think!"

"In this case, I don't have to. You are a man! I am your partner, your comrade. Those others—Bah!—I didn't know there was that kind! Old fellow, I stand with *you!*"

Wistar smiled with slow but deep exaltation. "Thank Heaven!" he said; "there is still one man in this land." His eyes were closed in pain, but fumbling he found Billy's hand. "Now, be off," he concluded. "Watch the market. When they buy, telephone me; I'll give the order to sell. Don't worry about me. I'll rest a bit, and then Minot and Miss Peters will take me home. Call me up here if you have anything to tell me soon."

The nurse and Minot had, in fact, already come in, and as Onderdonk went out they supported Wistar to the window-seat, laid him out on it, loosened his few garments, and made sure that all was well with his wound.

As they were finishing Sears came back from the study, now no longer the harassed man of affairs, but the dignified and thoughtful friend. He offered a room and a bed, and the services of his kitchen.

By what skill of casuistry he had succeeded in justifying himself to himself Wistar did not pause to consider. "My dear sir," he said, "I am more concerned for you than you could possibly be for me. I beg you to believe me! This fight you have seen here to-day isn't a circumstance to what you will have to face—only an opening skirmish. What I intend, of course I can't tell you." He paused, and Minot discreetly went out. "But I beg you to remember one thing: for two years I have held this combination in the palm of my hand. I made its strength, and I know its weakness. In the end, if you keep on with Penrhyn, I shall have to smash you both, blood and bone!"

The old man shook his head. "I have made my decision," he answered.

"But your daughter—what would be her decision?"

A look of horror came into the mild, dreamy eyes. "You won't tell Judith!" he almost gasped; and then he pleaded: "Her love is all I have in the world. She doesn't understand affairs. She would despise me! Surely, you would not turn her against me!"

Wistar's lips curled in scorn. "Once, though I didn't mean to, I told her the truth. It was not a happy occasion. In the open meeting just now I told that truth again. Much good it has done me! Carry tales of you to your daughter, who loves you? Thank you, no! Not though your ruin is her ruin also, your sorrow her sorrow."

"I thank you," said the old man.

Judith knocked at the hall-door, and looked tentatively in. "Is he all right?" she asked of the nurse, who had taken her station in a far corner. Then, reading the good news in her face, she came up to Wistar. "Thank Heaven, you are still alive!" she said.

"I have nine lives, like a cat. Every one of them is wretched." But as he said this, and looked into her eyes, his face was almost happy.

She laughed gently. "Eight of them are dead, poor dears. Won't you let us put the last little life to bed?" She laid a hand on his shoulder.

"It is so much weller and happier here, with you. I haven't known in years what it is to rest as I am resting now! Listen! I can hear the little life purring!"

She did not answer, and Wistar closed his eyes, blissful for a moment in spite of his grim resolve.

Miss Peters had already slipped out—to give free scope, perhaps, to the charm in the blue love-knot on the tail-feathers of his soul.

Judith took her father by the arm and gently led him to the door. Then she came back to Wistar, and laid her hand on the hair of his forehead. "Our promise to you—we have broken it!"

Wistar was silent. With the cool pressure of that hand upon him, what use was there for words?

"To prevent what we have done," she began, and then broke off with a quick question—"What *have* we done?"

Wistar did not answer.

"You have risked your life to-day. And still you must fight?"

She was not altogether ignorant of affairs, he perceived, in spite of her father's assertion.

"Shall you be able to win?" she pursued. "Tell me!"

He opened his eyes with weary disillusion. "Won't you let me forget all that?" he said.

Going to the table drawer she took out her executor's papers, and with them the revolver. "Then, my shares—if I sign these papers father will use them against you? Few as they are, in a close fight, they might mean all the difference."

Clearly, she knew more than a little of affairs. Would it be possible to keep her in the dark about her father? About Penrhyn?

When she spoke again it was with sudden resolution. "Your love for me . . . two years ago I made use of it—in a matter of money! And when you did all that I begged of you I forbade you the house!"

Wistar raised a hand in deprecation.

She held forth the revolver in the palm of her hand. "My excuse—if I have any excuse—is this! Father is weak. Oh, I know it! Better than anybody! Another failure—I didn't dare risk what it might mean! But now, his honor is at stake—his honor and mine! We promised that we should help you to do what you thought right. Tell me! Is it true that you are forced to fight him?"

He was silent still; but she took his silence for assent. "From to-day I take command." She showed him the papers, and grasped them to tear them across.

His heart leaped in response to her honest, loyal courage. "*You* are a *man!*" he cried. But he added quickly: "Don't do that! Think what it would mean!"

Her hand faltered. "Don't overvalue me!" she said, very gravely. "If the worst comes to the worst, what will it mean?"

"What it would have meant two years ago. The loss of everything poverty!"

She had been right. The mother Eve died hard in her. Honest as she was for herself, now, as then, she resented it in the depths of her heart that this man who loved her could stand thus against her.

"And still," she said, "you don't hesitate ——"

"I foresaw all this from the start," he pleaded. "I have done all a man could do to avoid it. You say I have risked my life to-day. Do you know why? Because it was my last hope of befriending you! Now ——"

She stood upright before him, and the sunlight that streamed through the window smote her abundant hair into flakes of gold. "And now?" she prompted him.

His manner was of a sudden austere, and with almost a touch of ferocity. "Now, I *must* fight, though every blow falls on your golden head."

"You *are* the cave man, violent and merciless!" Her tone was accusing; but it was also as if she were searching his heart, and were awed by what she found there.

"I am—what I am!"

Still she sought to probe the depths of his impulse. "You would make all my life bare and wretched—ruin those I love—father who is weak and old, Stanley who is young and strong ——"

He raised himself to his elbow. "Penrhyn!" he said with an outburst that was not stayed by his pain. "Penrhyn has made you love him!"

"I have said I would marry him."

"You—marry Penrhyn!" he repeated with sullen intensity. His heart cried out in warning to her, but he controlled it. "No, I am silent—now doubly silent! And yet, if ever I am merciless, it is now, in holding my peace!"

Penrhyn came forward from the study door. How long he had been standing there Wistar did not know. "You spoke so loud," he said, quiet and sardonic—"so loud I overheard your—what shall I call them? Congratulations?"

The telephone rang, and, raising himself painfully, Wistar went to the receiver on the table. It was Billy and he detailed the worst of news. He had gone downtown on a Subway express—the very train Smith had taken—and already there was evidence of his buying. "The sooner we begin," said Billy, "the better."

"Go ahead!" Wistar answered. "In twenty minutes I shall be in my rooms, and you will hear from me." He hung up the receiver with decision.

Then he turned to Penrhyn. "You spoke of congratulations. Congratulate me! To do what I must, I needed courage. You have given it to me!"

(Continued on Page 25)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Kittredge the Inscrutable

LET us consider judicially the Great Silences. There is the Sphinx, a lady who holds all patents and all copyrights for saying nothing, and whose claim runs so far back into the mists that the Rosetta Stone seems like the very latest special extra postscript of a New York yellow in comparison. There are the Catacombs, quite renowned for lack of noise. There, too, are the eternal hills that have kept quiet for many years, and the stars, reasonably cold and silent except when some poet has a spasm and sets them to singing in their courses and his rhymes. There are the silences of the trackless seas, the silences of the deserts, of the plains and of the primeval forests. There is the quiet of the brooding night and the sultry noon, and there, also, is the silence of Kittredge, Alfred B. Kittredge, Senator from South Dakota.

Vast and profound as are the silences of these works of Nature and of man, there is no particular credit to be attached to them, for they cannot talk if they would. But Kittredge can talk, and doesn't, and in these days of human phonographs, megaphones, parrots and pianolas that is an accomplishment that deserves three cheers. A United States Senator has the greatest opportunity for speech the world has ever known. All he has to do is to rise in his place, get recognition from the Vice-President and begin. No power on earth can say him nay. He can spout and sputter for a month, if he has the stamina and the language. There is no obligation on the other Senators to listen; but there is no obligation on him to stop until he has finished what he has to say.

There are Senators who demand this right. There are statesmen in the upper House who talk until they are black in the face and their hearers purple. There are those who talk occasionally, and those who say nothing because they have nothing to say, which is a condition that works around to the steady performers oftentimes, although their audiences and not themselves are best aware of it. These are general divisions. When we come to specialize there is Kittredge, in a class by himself—silent, inscrutable, doing a job of inscruting twenty-four hours a day.

Kittredge is a huge man; broad east and broad west, broad north and broad south. His personal architecture resembles the rear end of a hack. When he is in repose he has all the calm repression of Greenough's Washington, that great characterization of the Father of His Country as the Olympian Jove sitting in contemplation of the east front of the Capitol, and wearing a look of tremendous dignity and no clothes to speak about. When Kittredge is in action he moves with all the deliberation of the Muir Glacier. No emotions toss him about. No excitement fevers him. No worry wrinkles that front. He selects a destination and walks over to it. If any person is in the way that person must sidestep. The Kittredge procession goes through without transfers and without delays.

Words are sacred instruments with Kittredge, not to be used lightly, not to be uttered without consideration and, once uttered, to stand. When Kittredge promulgates a statement, that is all there is to it. He has thought it out. He has framed it as he wants it. It is complete, and there is no need for explanatory footnotes or voluminous appendices. He can listen for a week and say nothing. One of his wildest flights into vocal expression is "Yes" or "No," and the extreme limits of loquacity are reached when he says: "That is right," or "That is wrong."

He works all the time. His conception of the duty of a Senator is to take part in pending legislation and to be in his seat in the Senate when measures of importance are under discussion. He says nothing on the floor except at rare intervals, but he has so wide a knowledge of what is going on that his brief counsel is universally sought.

He gets up before six o'clock every morning, and is in his committee-room before seven, rain or shine. He has half a day's work done when many of the other Senators are ordering around the carriages to take them up on the hill. He gets to Washington on the last train that arrives before the session opens and he leaves on the first train that goes out after the session closes. Between those two trains he is consistently, constantly and silently on the works.

Kittredge was on a train in South Dakota when a number of public men were making a trip through the West. He was as silent as usual. The rivalry between the Dakotas was intense, and particularly the rivalry between some of the cities. Kittredge comes from Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

He was listening to the conversation—which is one of the best things he does—listening but saying nothing. A newspaper correspondent sought an interview.

"Senator Kittredge," he said, sitting down beside Kittredge, "Fargo is the largest and most important city in North Dakota, isn't it?"

Everybody took notice, for here was an opening for Kittredge to do some talking. This question must inevitably lead to a discussion of other cities, and perhaps Kittredge would unbuckle.

"Yes," said Kittredge.

The newspaper man went back to the attack. "As a matter of fact, Senator, Fargo is the largest and most important city in both Dakotas, isn't it?"

They waited for the explosion. Kittredge never moved. "No," he said.

"Well, Senator," and the newspaper man was groggy, but fighting hard, "what is the largest and most important city in the Dakotas?"

"Sioux Falls," replied Kittredge.

"But, Senator!" protested the inquisitor and half a dozen others.

"Sioux Falls," repeated Kittredge. That was all.

Senator Alfred B. Kittredge

The decision was final and irrevocable. All the pounding of all the people in the car didn't add a word to it. What, argues Kittredge, is the use of taking forty words to express a fact when you can express it with one or two, and as for extraneous advancing of opinion, without reason for it save the desire to get opinions out in the air, that wastes time that can be used in listening to the opinions of others and for their mental dissection.

Kittredge is the big man on the Interoceanic Canals Committee in the Senate. He is not chairman, but will be, probably, for Senator Millard retires at the close of this Congress, and Kittredge is the logical man, as Senator Platt, of New York, has no desire to take up the burdens. Kittredge has spent months studying the various angles of the Panama Canal. He has gone into the subject with more thoroughness than any man in the Senate, with the possible exception of Senator Morgan, who has been studying the problem for more years than Kittredge has, but to no greater effect so far as knowledge goes.

When any Senator wants to know anything about the canal he goes to Kittredge. He gets the information he is after in a few words. There are no flourishes, no frills, no embroideries. "Yes," says Kittredge, "that is so," or "No, that is not so." There are no "I am of the opinion" or "That is my supposition" qualifications hitched on. Anything more than "Yes" or "No" savors of tautology to the Kittredge mind.

"Gee!" said a man who knows Kittredge well, "I had a great conversation with Kittredge last night. I was with him in his room for two hours, and he actually said seventy-five words."

In a Senate, where language is the cheapest commodity in the world, the quality of silence is so conspicuous that the man who can hold his tongue is pointed out as a prominent bit of scenery. "That big, quiet man there is Senator Kittredge," say the Capitol guides to the pop-eyed tourists. "He don't say anything, but he cuts a lot of ice."

Inasmuch as many of the gentlemen who do say things constantly make a lot of ice, the job of ice-cutter is not without its merits.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Admiral Dewey is a fancier of Boston terriers and has some fine ones.

¶ James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, likes apple pie better than anything else he can get to eat.

¶ Wilton Lackaye, the actor, is the wit of The Lambs Club. His record is ten epigrams in fifteen minutes.

¶ General Thomas H. Barry, who is to take charge in Cuba, knows the Kaiser very well; is chummy with him, in fact.

¶ John P. Hopkins, former Mayor of Chicago and now a big capitalist there, was born on the water-front in Buffalo.

¶ Senator-elect Dixon, of Montana, who succeeds W. A. Clark, the copper king, is of Quaker descent, but he doesn't make a point of loving peace too fervently.

¶ Col. Francis G. Ward, Commissioner of Public Works in Buffalo, was once at the head of the army in Colombia when DeLesseps was digging at the Panama Canal.

¶ The Ohio delegation in the next House of Representatives will be largely composed of men under forty. The youngest will be Representative J. Eugene Harding, of Middletown, who is twenty-nine.

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A Square Deal Better than Alms

OUR pleasure in Mr. Rockefeller's Prospero-like mood, in which he hands over for the cause of education the largest sum of money ever given away by one man, would be greater if the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission were not still ringing in our ears.

Anent the Standard Oil, whose millions are about to flow again in the service of education, this report says: "The ruin of its competitors has been a distinct part of the policy of the Standard Oil in the past, systematically and persistently pursued." Although of late years the Standard has reformed in the matter of rebates, "it has nevertheless enjoyed secret rates possessing all the element of illegal rebates," so that the Commission deems it wise that the Government should fix the rates for this commodity. The report contains further statements of unfair practices, which as a whole cover pretty much all the broad range of man's duties to man.

Blessed as giving is, honesty, generosity, fair play in daily life are still more blessed. In that calm light of old age when passions no longer cloud the vision, not even the passion for success, does Mr. Rockefeller realize this truth? Much good will be done with his thirty-two millions of dollars, but doubtless more evil would have been left undone if the illegal and rapacious system whose profits they represent had been curbed by its founder.

The Timorous Trusts

WE FIND two especially comforting items in the detailed statement of foreign trade for 1906. Exports of provisions, for the first time, exceeded two hundred million dollars, having increased ten per cent. over the preceding year and better than twenty per cent. over two years ago. Exports of petroleum also made a new high record, topping eighty-five millions against only seventy-nine millions the year before.

It was quite a year ago that the agitation which resulted in the Federal meat-inspection law began. What most profoundly troubled the packers, it will be recalled, was a patriotic fear that this agitation would ruin their foreign trade and thereby paralyze a great national industry. We are sure they are much gratified that no such deplorable result followed. And the Standard Oil Company, in its famous plea to the American press, represented that unscrupulous competitors abroad, against whom at best it could barely hold its own, were using the attacks upon it to prejudice the European mind against American kerosene, so that our great export trade in that commodity was likely to be destroyed.

All along we had more confidence in the trust's ability to deal with those bloodthirsty foreign competitors than it had. It is a pleasure to find, from the official returns, that this confidence was well founded. Sometimes—that is, when restrictive measures at Washington are mentioned—our captains of industry think less highly of their capacity to do business than the facts really warrant.

When the Public is Good

THE burst of modesty that expelled Richard Strauss' opera of Salome from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York has its amusing side. Somehow one can never take the moral indignation of New York seriously: it seems incredible that New York should draw the line anywhere. No objection has ever been made to Tristan and Isolde, and yet the morality of the Wagner story would not pass muster in a police court.

As a matter of fact, public morality is probably more injured by these spectacular bursts of censorship than improved. A Shaw play and a Strauss opera are shut out of New York on account of their indecency, and thousands who would never have heard of either straightway deem it their duty to make themselves familiar with the contraband works of art.

Boston and Chicago clamor for the privilege of testing them. They get, in short, big advertising. Whereas, if they had been let alone in the first place they would have found their way to the ash-heap in due season, along with much ill-smelling "art" of the past. For nothing profoundly immoral can survive, for the simple reason that if it is really immoral it is inhuman, and all art lives by the humanity in it.

Considering the kind of reading matter served up daily in the metropolitan press, considering that this very season the nauseous evidence in a celebrated murder case is printed to the last detail and read from Maine to California, it seems a little over-zealous to get so hot under the collar about the Strauss opera.

Lost Among the Sundries

WE QUOTE from a standard stock-market report: "The wreck of the suburban train Saturday caused a drop in New York Central from 130 to 129, part of which was retrieved later. Otherwise the market was firm."

Perhaps it should be mentioned that the wreck referred to caused the death of twenty passengers and the injuring of one hundred and fifty others. None of this loss was retrieved later. To the innocent victims, the occurrence was of a very permanent and important character. To the railroad that killed and maimed them it was a passing incident. At first blush the stock declined a full dollar a share, in view of the damages that would accrue. A second thought, however, showed this to be an exaggerated estimate. New York Central's gross earnings in 1906 topped ninety-two million dollars, against eighty-six millions the year before and seventy-eight millions in 1904. With money pouring in at this rate, to pay for twenty dead and one hundred and fifty injured passengers becomes a mere incidental expense, lost along with other trifling "sundries" in the great volume of the road's business. So the stock recovered.

How many readers of this magazine remember that the Baltimore and Ohio killed over a hundred passengers in two wrecks last November and December? Or the sixty-five killed in two Big Four wrecks within two days? Or the slaughter of about fifty on the Rock Island in January? Not many, we think.

The prime cause of the slaughter is an overloaded plant. The returns show that the slaughter increases in proportion as the plant is overloaded. An overloaded plant is highly profitable to the railroads. Their grand object is to make every rail carry just as many ton-miles and passenger-miles as possible.

This policy increases dividends—and the death-rate. The roads being operated for dividends it is manifestly absurd in the highest degree to expect them to change the policy. Until the public is ready to force a change it might as well whistle against the wind as to spend its breath in merely reproaching the roads. Forcing a change means, of course, more governmental "interference" with business. We must interfere, or else take the risk of being killed as philosophically as possible.

Lumping Freight for Dividends

THE subjects of freight congestion and traffic delays have been extensively investigated of late. The railroads are only partly to blame. The enormous increase in tonnage the last two years would have made trouble under the most enlightened management. But the dominant railroad policy has multiplied the trouble. The roads have been too eager for profits.

As we pointed out some time ago, only fifty-six hundred miles of new line were built in 1906—the year of greatest prosperity and traffic the roads have ever known, following several years of rapidly increasing business. The detailed statement shows that a large part of this new mileage was not such as would relieve freight congestion, but augment it, rather—that is, it consisted of feeder lines, tapping new territory and thus bringing additional traffic to already overburdened trunk lines. Also, the average train-load was still further increased during the year. Usually, to make a heavy average train-load, freight is heaped up until enough of it accumulates to make the required amount. This is profitable for the road, one engine and crew doing the work of two. But it isn't profitable for the shipper whose goods are delayed. It is an important cause of slow movement and congestion.

To finance extensions and betterments, the St. Paul and the Great Northern roads last year offered their stockholders an aggregate of one hundred and eighty-five million dollars new stock at par. This stock carries seven per cent. dividends, which, under approved American practice, means that it is confidently expected to earn over ten per cent. Pennsylvania stockholders are voting on a $100,000,000 increase of stock, also carrying seven per cent. dividends, and expected to earn considerably more. Ten per cent. or better is earned on the investment by piling up the average train-load.

The Meddling Finger

WE NOTICE that California has been having the usual trouble this winter with a foreign power—namely, the Southern Pacific Railway. The monopoly of a fine harbor and some other points have been in dispute. Press reports speak daily of what the Southern Pacific will and will not permit. Measures of a retaliatory nature, in case the State prove too obdurate here and there, are mentioned. Consolidation of certain towns has been blocked; a city told upon what terms it can have a new charter.

In this, of course, there is nothing peculiar to the Pacific coast, although the condition may be somewhat more prominent there than in other States. But you do not often see a State Legislature in session without seeing one or more large corporations on hand, prepared benevolently to tell it what course it may take upon certain measures. You do not see many such gatherings that do not contain some members who are well known to be the mere hired men of private interests, there solely to promote the welfare of such interests.

The same large corporations are very much opposed to any governmental interference, in behalf of the people, in their business. They think the government should never meddle with private interests. But when it comes to the private interest meddling with government, they hold a diametrically opposite view. It is quite injurious and immoral, they hold, for the people to interfere with their business; but they seem to overlook no opportunity to interfere with the people's business.

If "business" had kept its fingers out of government, it would not now be finding so many governmental fingers reaching out to its affairs.

Guarding the Prize Pig

IN 1888 the average price of steel rails was a little over twenty-nine dollars a ton. In the next ten years the cost of making rails at the Carnegie mills declined about fifty per cent; but the price did not decline fifty per cent. or any per cent. whatever.

In 1901 we were told that the Steel Trust would effect important savings in mill cost. Since then the volume of trade, as measured by pig iron, has increased sixty per cent., which is favorable to lower mill cost. But the price of rails does not fall. The pool monopoly holds it firm at twenty-eight dollars. Prices of other products have rather advanced.

Any steel man will scout the idea that we do not produce steel cheaper than the foreigner. While producing cheaper we must still have the tariff, in some mysterious way, to prevent a fall in wages through competition with Europe's pauperized labor.

In 1893, commenting upon Republican defeat, which was attributed largely to the bloody Homestead strike of the year before, President Harrison said the fact that the workmen's wages were the highest in the world, due to protection, was "obscured by the passions evoked by the contest."

But the Homestead strike resulted in a reduction of these wages. The great decline in cost of making rails at the Carnegie mills was due in part to the readjustment of wage scales which the overthrow of the unions made possible. The tariff did not protect "excessive" wages. It merely protected excessive profits.

We mention these things, incidentally, because results achieved in the iron trade in 1906 have been so fondly trotted out as vindicating high protection—the most notable of said achievements consisting of the vast net profits of the trust.

Crimes the People Pay For

TO EVERY accused person there is due a fair trial. Granted! But some prisoners cost the State a lot more than they are worth to give them fair trials. A few weeks ago in New York State it took over fifty thousand dollars to send a scoundrel who had murdered a girl to the electric chair. And it is more than likely that Thaw will cost the county a record-breaking sum to get justice from twelve of his peers. If the crime of which he is accused had occurred in the Italian quarter it would have had a headline in a yellow journal, and justice would have been meted out in an ordinary and inexpensive third-class form.

Picturesque, or "upper-class," crime is costly to the community that is unlucky enough to be obliged to foot the bill.

A criminal is a criminal, no matter what his financial resources may be, and crime is crime, no matter what color the motive to it may have. Then why not a little more equality before the bar?

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

CONGRESS closed on a gorged and wearied Capital. Scores of statesmen left for home yelling for corned beef and cabbage and fried pork. More terrapin was served in the four weeks before adjournment than the Eastern Shore of Maryland has produced in five years. The filets piled sidewise would overtop the Washington Monument, and the game would fill the rotunda of the Capitol and pack the dome. The two new monster battleships could float in the wine, and the ices would cool a fevered throat as long as from here to Baltimore.

Dinner-giving has always been a favorite pastime in Washington, but this year it developed into a mania. Night after night the hotels had banquets scattered from roof to cellar, and all the big houses in the Northwest blazed with lights and offered the hospitalities of groaning boards. The roar of the after-dinner orators drowned the noise of the street-cars. Not a known anecdote, from the landing of the Pilgrims to the latest quip of Adam Bede, but had the mould brushed off and was put into active service. It was one great, glorious, golden, gormandizing spree, and all Washington—that is, all Washington on the official and social side—was in on it.

When a Washingtonian wants to do something to attract attention to himself, to pay an obligation, to get an introduction, to promote some legislation, to spend money, to foster a scheme, to show what he can do, to keep in the swim—he gives a dinner. Apparently, everybody, with any one or all of these reasons in mind, chose the month of February to make the final splurge. Statesmen and officials were dragged shrieking from their firesides and forced to go out to dine. The city was ransacked for notables to give glamour to the eating fests. Any man who dined at home was so far removed from the activities of the life here that his eulogies might just as well have been pronounced.

There were dinners to retiring statesmen, to statesmen who are just arriving and to statesmen who are permanent. There were dinners to distinguished visitors, to undistinguished visitors and to all other sorts of visitors; dinners to repay obligations and dinners to make obligations. There were dinners by men who had schemes and men who hoped to have them. The whole town went dinner-mad, and after the Congress adjourned and the city took stock, it was found that we all ran to jowls and paunches and shuddered at mention of any food but bread and milk.

Of course, the only kinds of dinners that do not have an ulterior motive behind them are those small ones that are given to real friends and go down unrecorded and unsung in the society columns of the papers. All other dinners have as many reasons behind them as there are reasons behind a General Deficiency Appropriation bill. And in the mad crush of opportunities to gallop through seven courses for which cards came by bushels through the mails, were the two Fairbanks dinners.

When the Cannon Booms

THE ambition to be President is as legitimate as any other ambition, but most of the men who have it are secretive and non-committal when the subject is mentioned publicly. Secretary Root has got it, and he is eating out his heart because he knows he can never be nominated. Secretary Taft has got it, and he holds up a warning finger every time he is accused. Speaker Cannon has got it so bad he is broken out in lumps from bee-stings, and he ridicules the idea and tells a funny story. Secretary Shaw has got it, and he is embarrassed every time he hears about it, as if it were a secret sin. Fairbanks is the only one who is out in the open. He wants it and he isn't afraid to tell the whole world.

The Cannon boom is in the formative stage. The Speaker is more than seventy, but his admirers say that doesn't count. "He's as young as any man of fifty," they say, "and he can win hands down." Most of the Cannon boomers are in the House of Representatives. They meet and discuss prospects. The story is that Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, is to finance the Cannon movement, although Uncle Joe can do a little financing himself, if it comes to that. Sibley is a rotund and versatile millionaire who came to Congress once from his Pennsylvania district as a Democrat and came back from the same district for the next term as a Republican, thus showing a control of the proletariat that may be described as masterly. Sibley is an oil millionaire. He has money enough to paper a palace with, and he is not at all averse to spending it. He will not be in Congress next session, and he says he is behind Cannon until the cows come home, and he and Uncle Joe will stand out in the yard and shout: "Co' boss! Co' boss!" until the next convention.

The Speaker had a frightful time keeping down expenditures. He put Representative Tawney up on the floor several times to warn the House that the appropriations for the session would be a billion dollars, but nobody seemed to give a hoot. It pains the Speaker to spend the Nation's money. He has a convulsive chill over every appropriation bill, but he generally gets better in time to entertain the motion that the vote be reconsidered and that that motion be laid on the table, which makes the action of the House irrevocable after each money bill is passed. Congress closed with its billion, and that made the total appropriations for the two sessions almost two billions. The Speaker was in tears, but the tears were in his voice and not in his eyes.

And, speaking of appropriations, the Senate gave an exhibition shortly before the end of the session that added to the impression that the man doesn't live who can guess what that honorable and dignified body will do and how it will do it. They haggled for days over the salaries in the Agricultural Appropriation bill, sawed them and glued them, and talked until the stenographers were dizzy. To listen to them, one would think that the raising of a salary from thirty-five hundred dollars a year to five thousand dollars was a constitutional proposition involving all the principles of free government. They struggled with a few dollars here and a few dollars there in spasms of acute economy. They had the purse-strings so tight it seemed as if Tama Jim Wilson's bug-hunters never would get a chance to hunt another bug.

Then they had a night session and in an hour and a half they passed the Naval bill, carrying a hundred millions, and the Rivers and Harbors bill, carrying ninety-two millions, and seemed to think they had taken more than enough time. There was talk that Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, intended to talk the Rivers and Harbors bill to death. Senator Carter did that trick for President McKinley in 1901, and Hopkins was the man who was to do it this year. Hopkins never made a peep. He was "astonished to learn that any such intention had been imputed to him." That is the way Hopkins talks. A cursory survey of the bill showed the basis for the astonishment of Hopkins. Certainly, he would not talk it to death, for of all the pork in it none had bigger pieces or sweeter than Hopkins. It really is curious how such reports get around, and more curious still is the fact that they always gain circulation when the committee is considering the bill and putting in the pork.

The Democratic Senators left for home all snarled up over the question of leadership. When Senator Gorman died the leadership was passed on to Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, not because he is a leader, but because he was going out at the end of this session and had been a long time in the Senate. Bailey had aspirations, but his muss in Texas made him impossible, and the question of a successor to Blackburn was discussed. There was no decision. Every Senator who was approached had just the man in mind and that man was himself. There was no Democratic Senator who was not of the opinion that he was the right man to take hold of the minority, organize it and make it a compact fighting force. There were others, of course, some of them fairly good men, but each Senator could supply objections to every candidate but himself.

It reminded the older Senators of the time Andrew Gleason and Perry Carson went to a Republican National Convention as delegates from the District of Columbia. When the roll was called for nominations for members of the National Committee, Perry Carson, a strapping negro, arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, the delegation from the District of Columbia asks for more time. We ain't got no agreement as yit. Mr. Gleason here is for hisself and I am for myself, and we must ask to be passed over."

There are leadership troubles among the Democrats of the House, too. John Sharp Williams is the present leader. John Sharp has set ideas about things, and some of the people on whose toes he has stepped favor a change. This is not a new sensation for Williams. Every time the minority in the House suffers from ennui a movement against Williams is organized. They tried to start this one with Champ Clark, but Clark would not have it. Then they fixed on DeArmond, of Missouri, and in order to split the forces put out two other candidates. DeArmond is a pale and determined person who talks well and has courage. He has a reputation for being "scathing." At least, that is what the correspondents say he is when he gets up to attack the majority. He is a good debater, and might make a good leader, but he will have a hard job to defeat Williams.

The Undertakers and the Smile

JOHN SHARP may have his faults as a leader, but he has more real ability than most of the Democrats. He has made the error, from time to time, of not being as deadly dull as a tariff speech. He has displayed an occasional human interest in things and has dared to be facetious—to make a joke, in fact. This is most reprehensible in the eyes of many of the stodgy statesmen who refuse either to take or make a joke. The quality of statesmanship that appeals most strongly to the opponents of Williams is the kind that never cracks a smile and parades itself in the habiliments of perpetual gloom. The minority leadership carries with it the minority nomination for Speaker, or comes from that choice, rather. If the Congress to be elected in 1908 should be Democratic the minority leader in the next Congress would have the best chance to be Speaker. The opposition to Williams does not seem to weigh on that sprightly statesman. He went back to his Mississippi plantation, after Congress adjourned, happy as a grig. He has seen too many revolts against him start and wither to be scared by this latest bogy.

The heart of the Senate went out to Senator Bacon, of Georgia, in the closing days of the Smoot discussion. He had a speech to make—he always has a speech to make—but this time he had a speech on Smoot. He was recognized, and, to the intense amazement of everybody in the galleries and on the floor, he picked up some manuscript and read it. He had never before done such a thing. A speech by Bacon is usually a ramble through all the highways and byways of language, never stopping, never beginning and never getting anywhere. "I read this speech," said Bacon, "in the interests of brevity."

The Senate gasped. At last, after many years, the orator from Georgia had found himself. "In the interests of brevity!" He knew if he talked offhand he could no more finish in ten minutes than he could finish in five, and he never spoke a sentence less than five minutes long. So he wrote out a few thoughts and let it go at that.

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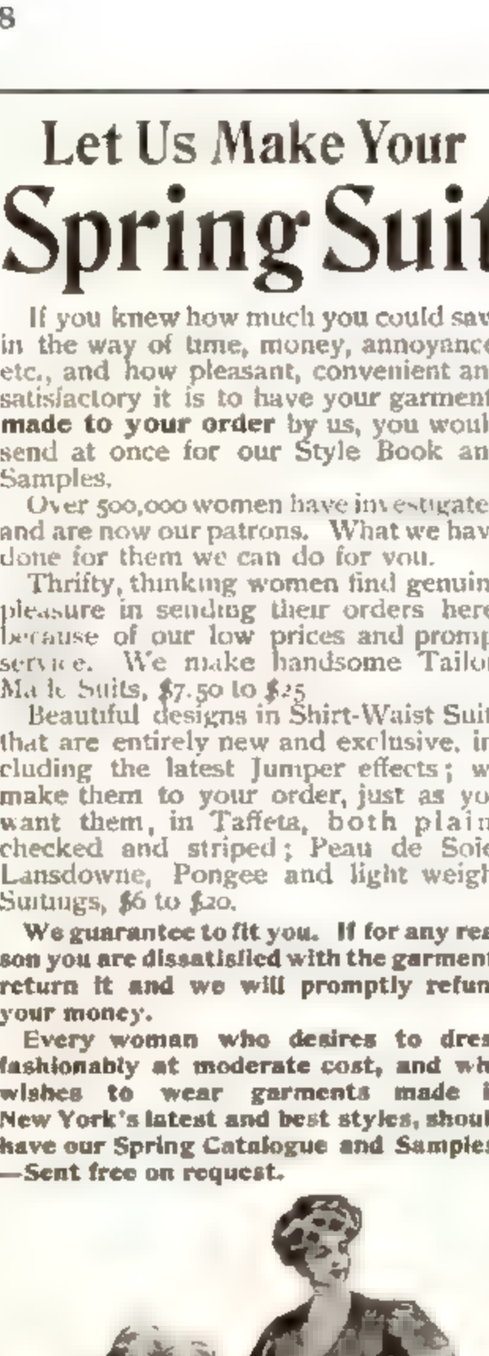

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In the Open

Motor Cars as Educators—Road-Building at Home and Abroad—The Destruction of the Elk

THE educational value of automobile shows is of high quality and should be recognized for the opportunity these shows afford the public of studying at first hand the product of a comparatively new industry, which is rapidly conquering America. From a spectacular point of view alone these shows are worth seeing, and the considerable item of gate receipts invariably returned indicates that the people are not indifferent to the opportunity. Indeed, that gate receipts have been sufficient in the majority of exhibition ventures to return a profit is suggestive of the "show" element which these gatherings of motor cars hold for the popular mind.

The 1906-07 exhibitions marked the end of the automobile as a "rich man's toy." That was the significant revelation of the show season which closed recently after an attendance and sales of unexampled figures. The manufacturers' experimenting period is very nearly over; so far as radical changes are concerned the trial season is at an end. The cars of the recent shows demonstrated that the manufacturer has immeasurably improved his output in structural refinement, in finish, in strength and in simplicity. These are the cardinal virtues of the automobile; and in the important fundamental of durability the American manufacturer has learned much from the European. That he has learned it is evidence of the American's alertness in sensing the feel of the popular demand, and that he has responded so quickly is suggestive of the enormous manufacturing capabilities of this country.

Some Amazing Figures

The history of the American automobile spans about twelve years, and its record during those years offers an astonishing story of American industrial development. It reads almost like a fairy tale. In 1901 America built and marketed 314 cars. In 1906 about 60,000 automobiles were manufactured in this country at an estimated gross value of one hundred million dollars. Incidentally, it is interesting to insert here that during the same year (1906) the value of horse-drawn vehicles manufactured in America was estimated at one hundred and sixteen million dollars, which is illustration in plenty that the horse has not yet passed, even though he be "passing," as so frequently we hear.

The remarkableness of this output will be seen the clearer by a glance at the comparative figures of the number of automobiles manufactured in other countries. In 1901 France built 23,711 automobiles; America in the same year built 314. In 1906, as already stated, America built 60,000; France built 55,000; England, 28,000; Italy, 19,000, and Belgium,12,000. These figures are borrowed from a French statistician who is regarded as an authority on automobile manufacturing data, and who, in addition, claims that, during the nine years since the success of the first horseless carriage, there have been 550,000 motor cars manufactured in the world, at a total value of one billion dollars.

These figures are sufficient answer to the prophets that see for the motor car only a playful or an ephemeral career. But the impressive disclosure of these figures is, that whereas, in 1901, France, the pioneer manufacturer of automobiles, built 23,397 more automobiles than did America, in 1906 America turned out 5000 more than France. And the still further impressive element of this showing is the jump by America from 314 cars in 1901 to 60,000 in 1906.

This has been done despite the heavy handicap to the American manufacturers of inferior roads which obtain throughout the country, to its national shame—a handicap that continues notwithstanding the efforts making for better highways. It is extraordinary how we lag behind in the matter of road improvement. France has the very great advantage of having its fine system of roads under government control, bringing all highways under a common law, thus not only making their maintenance a certainty, but also eliminating the embarrassing questions of license and the confusing and varying rules which automobiles meet in America.

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WRITE FOR THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

Not only are our roads bad, but conflicting speed and license regulations add insult to injury.

Good Roads and What They Do

One of the first things which England, the most, the only, successful colonist of the world, does is to build good roads, which open a country as nothing else can, making it easier for the natives to bring their wares to market, and, in case of need, enabling England to move her troops with rapidity. In the world's history road-building has been set down as of first importance in the development of a country. In America, with our tireless energy and surpassing industrial progress, our road-building has been with iron rails, to the neglect of the earthen highways.

In the last ten years there has been considerable agitation of the subject, of which the "Good Roads Movement" is the result, and very largely responsible for the activity apparent in spots.

Yet it really is amazing how comparatively few good roads are to be found in this big land, and how near to the centres of commercial and industrial activity are the neglected road beds.

Take, for example, the great State of New York—the Empire State, so-called. Once you get off the main thoroughfares in the up-State region you plunge into a network of such miserable roads as to somewhat explain why farm land is on the market and farmers getting into town and into some other business.

The big State of Pennsylvania is even worse with respect to neglected roads. One does not expect as much in the way of roads of the middle-Western States, but if you are seeking a terrible example of just how woefully abandoned a neglected road can be, make an attempt to cross the prosperous State of Illinois.

These are only examples picked by way of illustration, but the truth is that in America generally, with its great prosperity and its growing towns and expanding agricultural districts, the roads, which should be the first thought of a community, appear to be about the last.

How we compare with Europe in this particular may be best illustrated by again borrowing from the French statistician, who states that from Madrid, in Spain, latitude 40, to Hamburg, Germany, and across into Sweden and Norway, extending north, stretches from first to last something like 2000 miles of continuously good road. Here in our country a stretch of 200 miles of continuously good road is hard to find.

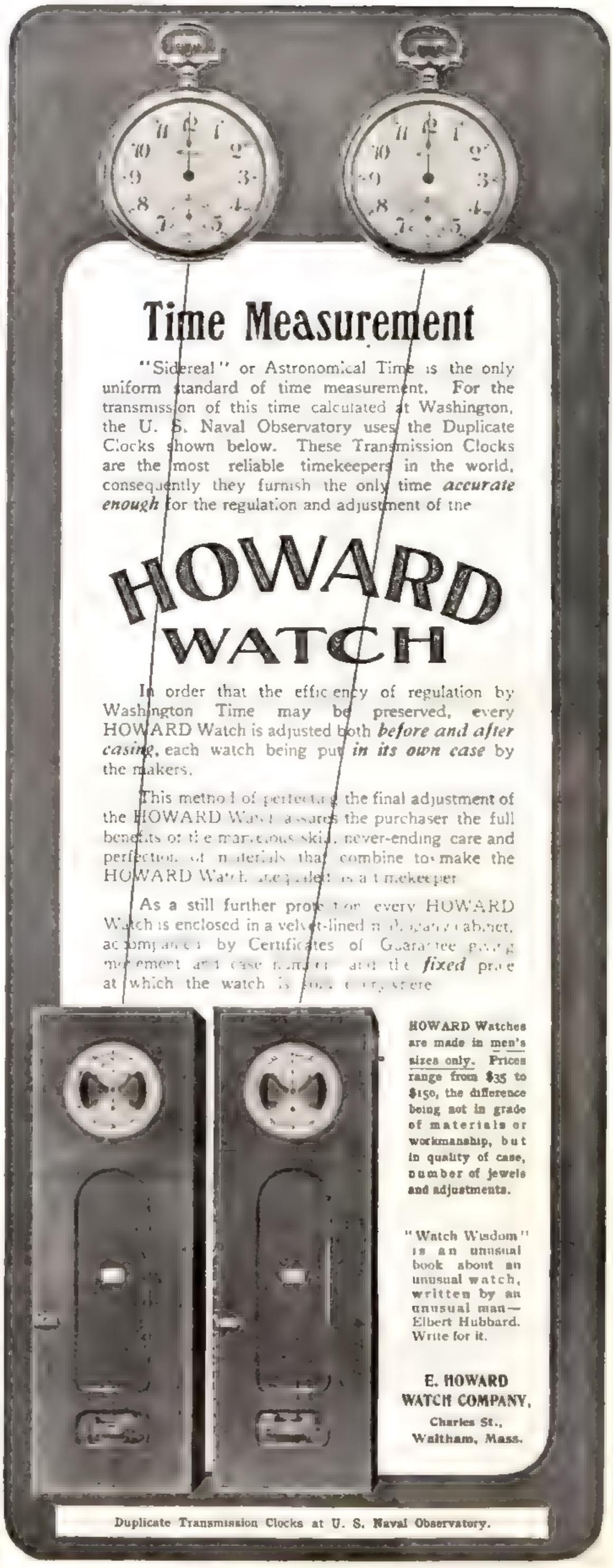
Good roads are only to be got in America by the people getting busy in their State Legislatures, and the sooner we have good roads the more assured and staple will be the small town development and the more substantial the prosperity of the farmers.

Automobilists are agitating the subject of good roads, perhaps, more vigorously than any other class of citizens, but, my country friends, bear in mind that, while good roads give the automobilist merely the pleasure of touring, to the farmer and to all country-living people they bring easier living and larger returns for their work. In other words, to the automobilist good roads are but an incident in his pleasure-seeking. To all country folk they are money in pocket. That is why the slowness of State legislators to take up more actively the subject of road improvement is so surprising.

A Fatal Society Emblem

There is a social organization called The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, which has lodges distributed throughout the country and a membership of more than two hundred thousand. In the main, it is an order of good fellows whose worthy object, we believe, is to get together for mutual encouragement and cheer, and to help the needy families of deceased members over the rough roads of necessity when they are encountered. Such an organization for a purpose so commendable and of a membership so widespread may be an instrument of much good in the workaday world; and much good the Order of Elks is doing. At the same time, indirectly and unintentionally we believe, it is working an injury of consequence upon our wapiti (elk).

Rightly or wrongly, there is a popular conception that the emblem of this Order of Elks is the elk's tooth or tush; and certainly it is worn as a watch-charm or as cuff buttons by hundreds of the members.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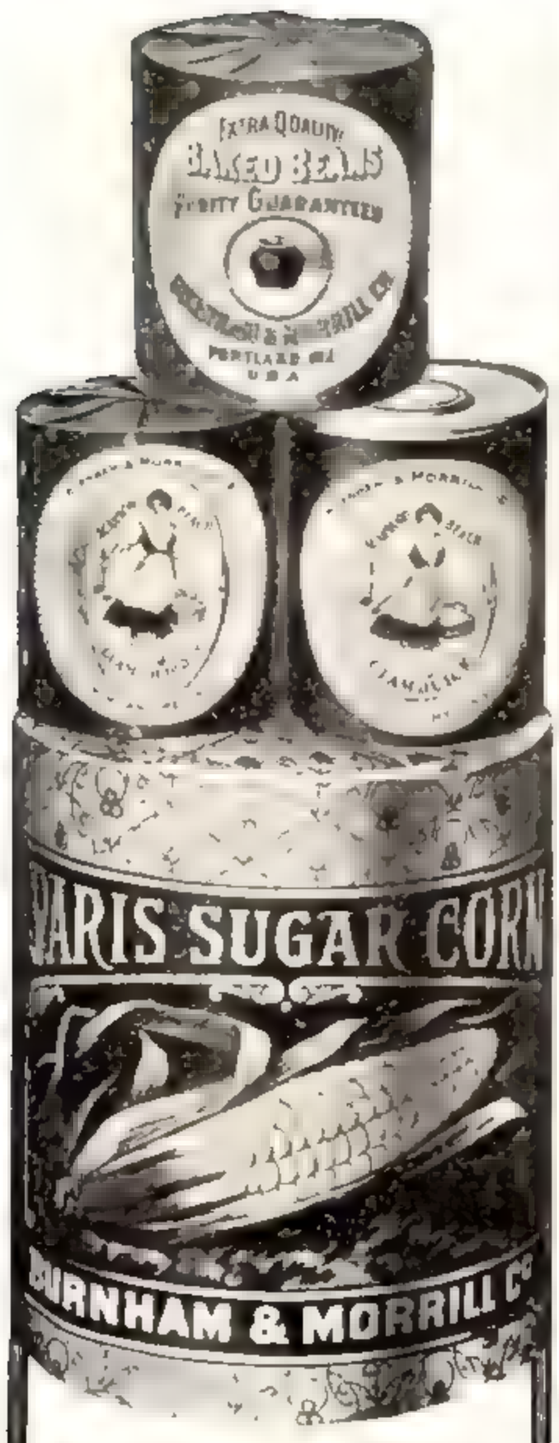

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On this account, and in order to supply the demand, the slaughter of elks for their tushes in Wyoming alone has gone on to such an extent that their diminution is patent and alarming.

In the winter thousands of elks yard around and in Jackson's Hole to escape the deep snows of the surrounding mountains, and here the teeth-hunting butchers run them into deep snow, where they are easily slaughtered. Nothing is taken but the tush, the entire carcass being left either to rot or to feed the wolves and the cougars. At near-by towns the teeth are sold to dealers at good prices, and subsequently sold by them in turn at much higher prices to members of this Order of Elks, and to others who follow their example and have the teeth made into some form of personal ornament

Very likely this side of the matter has never been presented to the official attention of the Elks, and quite as unlikely is it that this Order would be a party to such business; yet none the less must it share the responsibility for the butchery of wapiti. Therefore I appeal to the official head of this beneficent Order to bring up the subject at their next meeting.

The slaughter of elks goes on at such a pace that it will be but a few years when these, in some respects the most distinguished of the American deer family, will have come as near extinction as is the bison.

The particular country in which elks roam is most difficult adequately to safeguard. Game wardens are few, the ranges are wide and the elks stupid. It is impossible under the present conditions wholly to check depredation. But if there is no market for the ivory tush of the elk there will be no slaughter.

The Order of Elks can exert a powerful influence for the protection of this animal by not only officially denying its tush to be the emblem of the Order, but by also appealing to the members of the Order to refrain from buying and from wearing the teeth, on the broad and splendid ground of helping to protect this fast disappearing individual of America's wild fauna.

Bowling and Its Cooks

The fine game of bowling seems to be victimized by too many cooks, like several other good games, skating among the number.

There are too many fingers in the legislative pie, too many associations, too many gentlemen with axes to grind, too many promoters. Every city and every section appears to have a rooted predilection for especial rule-making, and this will be the death of amateur bowling unless some group of strong men take things in hand and organize on broad, simple lines. There is no more reason why rules of bowling should differ in the Middle West from those of the East than that the balls or alleys of Chicago should differ in size and general character from those of New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or San Francisco, or anywhere else in this country. The principle of sport on which the game should be conducted is not influenced by geography. What the bowlers need is to get together on the plain amateur line on which they began.

Chased a Lion

THE story of the actor who refuses to acquaint himself with any but his own lines in a play is under suspicion of being a myth; but, unless Digby Bell can establish his character as a humorist, he must stand as a terrible example.

A friend of Mr. Bell's, criticising one of his performances, remonstrated that a certain bit of business was quite out of keeping with the situation as indicated in the first act. Mr. Bell, as it happened, did not come in until the second act. "How am I to know about that?" he objected. "I never get to the theatre until a quarter before nine."

The friend who made the remonstrance tells another story which, in a measure, exculpates the actor. Mr. Bell was entertaining a party with an account of how he chased a lion over the Desert of Sahara. "I had him almost caught," said Mr. Bell, "when suddenly he turns and chases me!" There was a stage pause. "Apparently, you escaped," said his friend. "How did you manage it?" "Easy enough!" said Mr. Bell. "I just turned and ran up an alley."

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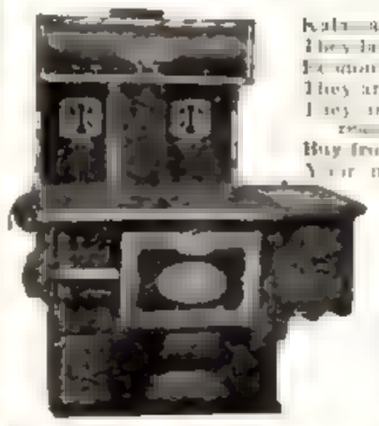

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Cobalt, the Goblin of the North

(Concluded from Page 7)

There are three distinct rock formations in the Cobalt region, and three hundred theories as to why a man may farm silver from the soil instead of potatoes

The ground-plan of the structure is the Keewatin, a senatorial rock that has come to years of discretion, and it was laid on rather unevenly—much like a piece-job of street-paving. Then the Huronian conglomerate was nicely plastered over this to even up. This looked pretty smooth for a million or two of years, but presently it began to wear off and the Keewatin mounds to peep through. Then there came rupture from the internals of the earth, and through huge fissures and cracks the igneous rock, "diabase," flowed up and spread itself like hot mud all about. The result of all this is that one may step off Huronian on to Keewatin or diabase, when in reality these two old chaps should be sitting at home hundreds of feet below the Huronian.

But the rocks had hardly settled down to a quiet life again, just getting nicely cooled off, when they were ordered to open up by the Evil Genii, and this time silver in various forms was poured into the many wounds.

Scientists say that the metals came up in a hot solution. One reason advanced by Professor Miller why mines just about Cobalt Lake should really prove the richest is that the Huronian rocks were more easily fractured, and also were lying in horizontal strata at this point in short, more suitable as a receptacle for the mineralized solution than the others.

The silver is where you find it. The claim-staker yelps that geology is a misbegotten science, and that Professor Miller couldn't diagnose a bean-field; and he points to the Jacobs Mine that is in the diabase, and the Green-Meehan that is in the Keewatin, tells of their fifty per cent. silver ore, and asks if that doesn't knock out Miller's theory of the Huronian as the only silver proposition.

As a matter of fact, the geologists simply assert that the older rocks immediately surrounding the Huronian patch at Cobalt will hold silver in more uncertain quantities. The new map Professor Miller will issue shortly will explain this rather fully.

In Cobalt, first of all, the mining laws are most assuredly the worst ever. The man from Mexico wants the law of that land, that permits a miner to stake from Dan to Beersheba, so long as he does not overlap another's holding. And the man from Nevada wants the Nevada law; and the man from Africa the law of the Rand. In truth, it's a pity there was not a better law at the time of discovery. This land worth millions was taken up in blocks of one hundred and sixty acres by men who had no more right to it than the Prince of Timbuctoo. The law has been gradually amended until now a miner can take up but twenty acres. But a man with a permit can stake three claims—one for himself and one each for two partners.

The Government has withdrawn from location the "Gillies Limit," which is a large area of land to the south of the Nipissing, Foster and other properties. The Government has a shaft sunk on this to a depth of seventy feet, and a drift run along a seven-inch vein for over a hundred feet.

No one is allowed in these workings upon the reserve, but I got a special letter of permit from the Minister of Mines to inspect the work. The Government claims to have seven veins of mineral upon this reserved area, and the whisperers among the slick mining sharks know of a thousand—all located on the sly.

Looming up as a disturbing shadow is the dread that the Government will, at this session of the Legislature, put a royalty tax on the outputs of the mines. This it will most surely do—it is the intention.

The fat streaks in the provincial vein must help out the lean streaks, even as the silver lodes do on the Nipissing; and yet I have heard men from New York, who have made more money out of Cobalt in three months than a thousand farmers in the province have made in a year, declare that the Government had no right to put on a tax—it would ruin the country.

Broadly put, perhaps ten per cent. would not harm the real properties and might help keep down the fungus growth.

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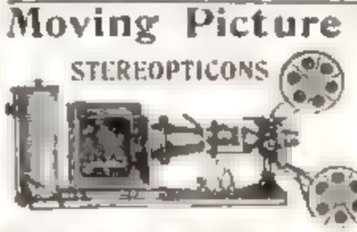

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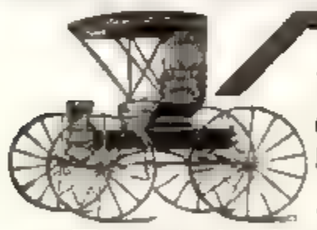

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SENSE & NONSENSE

The Bar on the Bar

FOR picturesque scenes and local coloring the recorder's court in Atlanta is a wonder. Recorder Broyles is a keen analyzer of the foibles and weaknesses of humanity, and is usually able to get at the bottom of the obscurest tangles.

A majority of the cases tried are negroes, and the bulk of their erring is in drinking too much.

Not long since a shiftless-looking negro man was arraigned for habitual drunkenness.

The principal witness against him was his wife. She was on the witness-stand with Recorder Broyles applying his incisive scalpel.

"Does your husband stay drunk all the time?" asked the recorder.

"No, suh, not all de time. Sometimes I isn't got any job." —*J. C. R.*

Peace

On meads by whilom battle seamed and scarred
The wild-brier blows;
As though across a page Hate's hand had marred
Love laid a rose. —*Leigh Gordon Giltner*

One Man Who had Coal

DURING the winter of the coal strike, when there was a great shortage of coal and many families in Washington were on scanty rations, the subject was debated often in the Senate.

One day, when the late Senator Vest was talking, the grandson of William Dudley Foulke, then a member of the Civil Service Commission, was in one of the galleries with his mother.

The Senator said "anthracite coal" several times. The boy in the gallery listened intently. Then he leaned far forward and shouted: "We've got some! We've got some!"

Who Ate the Canary—Seed?

BIRD S. McGUIRE, delegate in Congress from Oklahoma, had a communication from one of his rural constituents the other day that made him sit up and take notice.

"Dear Mr. McGuire," it read, "I wish you would send me some more of them seeds like you sent before. I enjoyed them very much and I would like another lot, but don't send no canary seed. If you did my wife might eat them and think she was a canary, and try to sing, and God knows I have troubles enough now."

An Odor-Memory

A lilac odor to-day
Carried me miles away;
Hurried me back through years
To where a garden appears,
With blossoming apple trees
Alive with clamoring bees.
This is the garden I know
Where the lilac-bushes grow,
Where the timorous catbird's nest
Is built in the hiding leaves,
And the mother catbird grieves,
Guessing my vandal quest;
Shaking the purple spray,
Chiding the thief away,
Frantic she threatens and begs
For her four blue, fragile eggs.
A lilac odor to-day
Made me a child at play.
—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

A Premium on Cowardice

SEVERAL darkies stood on a street-corner in Atlanta, gossiping. The discussion turned to a question of personal bravery.

Jim Judd was the principal expounder along the line of heroic conduct. Unfortunately, Jim's reputation for courage was not without serious flaws. Tiring of his talk, one of the listeners sneeringly said:

"Wha' yo' talkin' 'bout, Jim? Yo' de bigges' coward in dis town."

Jim turned on his accuser, unutterable scorn in his voice:

"Yas, dat's so. But I'd rudder heah dem say, 'Watch dat niggah run!' dan 'Don' be look natch'al?'" —*J. C. R.*

THE BATES SHOE for Easter

BY MAIL
$3.50
EXPRESS PAID

The proper shoes are an important part of your Easter Outfit.

BATES SHOES are, in kind and type, the shoes worn by well-dressed men. Bates Shoes fill every requirement of refined taste. They satisfy the most critical eye. Moreover, the Bates Shoes hold their shape, and therefore their style, longer than any other shoe.

BATES SHOES are comfortable because they are flexible where flexibility counts for ease; because they are built on correct lines to accommodate a living foot; and because the interior shape gives a proper distribution of the weight of the body.

The BATES "Special" for Easter is the best shoe we have ever made and we have been making shoes and shoe reputation for 40 years. It costs us more to make them than any other shoe on the market selling for the same price, but we find *it pays in the end* to have particular men satisfied with the looks, style, fit, and comfort of the Bates Shoe.

Order at once, enclosing check or post-office money-order for $3.50, giving your size and width and state whether Blucher or button pattern is desired and we will deliver them express prepaid to your address in time for your Easter wearing. Send for Style Book D

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THE Bates SHOE FOR MEN

$21,300,523.40 Is a Large Sum

It represents the amount of death claims paid by this Company in a single year—1906. This was not the result of investments made by care-free, well-to-do people. It came very largely from men who went from slight inconvenience to great self-denial to keep up the policies that would when needed keep up the home. Of such, largely, is the membership of

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For the new forms of policies consult our nearest agent, or write direct to

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Give Me Clothes Shape that Stays Shape

WHAT do you think of my "A-1" clothes? Kaufman Garments—cost me $15.00—the whole suit!

And—for looks and wear—I'll put them alongside any clothes made.

For I've tried all makes and I know.

This "exclusive fabric" talk don't go with me any more.

For I've found that all clothes makers buy their fabrics from the same mills.

And the weavers make up the same "nobby" patterns in medium priced goods as they do in the "big money stuff."

It doesn't make much difference what you pay, you get the same fabric effects—stripes, checks or plain goods—in all lines the same season.

Then this "only *only style* talk"—what does *it* amount to?

And unless this "shrink tendency" is overcome *in the fabrics* it will surely make trouble in the clothes.

Spinners won't shrink their yarn, because they sell by the pound and shrinkage means lost weight.

Weavers won't shrink their cloth, because they sell by the yard and shrinkage means lost length.

Therefore the "shrink tendency" is up to the clothes makers to overcome.

And most of them—the higher price fellows—do their best to overcome it.

But "their best" isn't always very good, and more often it's pretty poor.

You can see that by looking at the clothes some of your friends wear.

Notice the "uneven" shoulders, "narrowing" lapels, "tightening" vests, and trousers that "bag all over."

Shrink left in the cloth shows in the clothes, the first damp day—no matter how much "hand work" is put in them.

Kaufman Garments are very different, however.

For the Kaufmans know how to take *all* the "shrink tendency" out of a piece of cloth before it is made up into Kaufman Garments.

Every bolt of cloth that comes to the great Kaufman Tailoring Establishment is treated with a special process—known as "The Kaufman *Pre-Shrinking* Process"—and this takes every bit of the "shrink tendency" out of the fabric *in advance*.

Therefore, Kaufman Garments cannot shrink nor draw out of shape.

And this is why Kaufman Garments look well *the season through*. This is why they hold their shape and show their style *always*.

And garments that *stay in shape* do not chafe and wear out in unexpected places. They stay unwrinkled—look new—and wear well.

Other clothes makers cannot guarantee the *shape permanence* you get in Kaufman Garments because the only way to secure *shape permanence* is by use of The Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process—and this, other clothes makers cannot use.

They are not allowed to use it because the Kaufmans control the process and will not permit its use outside their own establishment.

The Kaufmans, therefore, give you—for $15.00 to $18.00—what no other clothes maker can give you at any price.

So—why should you pay $35.00—or more

Kaufman Garments $15. to $18.

You know as well as I do that all clothes makers follow the same fashion plates each season.

So, of course, the Kaufmans can give you—for $15.00 to $18.00—the same shapes and designs that others ask fancy prices for.

And—when it comes to looks and wear, there is just one item that is really of big importance, and that is—will your clothes stay in shape?

What good is a "stylish" coat, if it doesn't *stay stylish?*

And how can a coat stay stylish if it doesn't stay in shape?

Kaufman Garments keep their shape because they are made from "*Pre-Shrunk*" fabrics.

Wool and other fabric fibres are naturally *elastic*. They will *shrink*.

—for uncertain shape and style, when you can get shape and style certainty for less money?

To be sure of your "well dressed" appearance *always*—to protect your pocketbook and to satisfy your own good sound sense, the mark to look for on clothes is—

This Garment Made and Guaranteed by
Chas. Kaufman & Bros.,
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"The Well Dressed Man in 1907" is shown in the New Kaufman Style Book. Ask Kaufman Dealers for it.

Or—write direct to Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago.

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Whether **you** want to build your own home or **get** started in this profitable business as a **contractor** or **builder,** don't fail to write to me at once and let me write you personally as President of this Company what a liberal proposition we have to make to you and all about Concrete and the Concrete Business.

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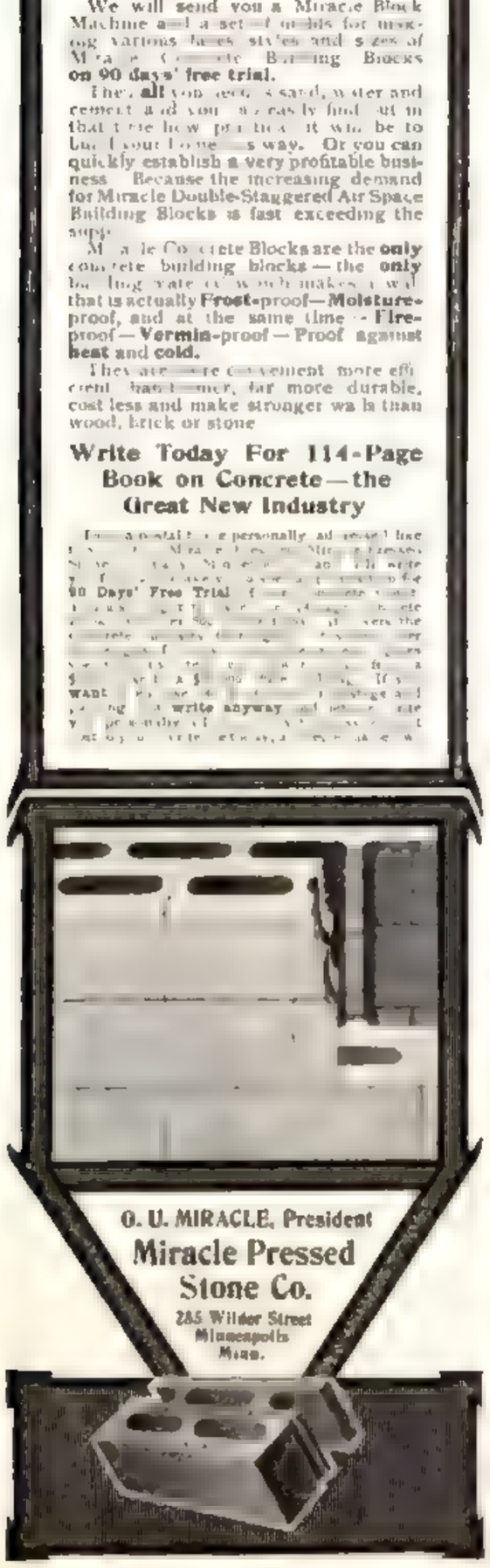

O. U. MIRACLE, President
Miracle Pressed Stone Co.
285 Wilder Street
Minneapolis
Minn.

THE DIARY OF DELIA

(Continued from Page 12)

to spake again: "Claire—my darlint!" ses he, and then again they wuz silint.

Then after awile: "What will we do?" ses she; "we—we cant give aich uther up now."

He larfed like a boy.

"Give aich uther up?" ses he. "Why, we belong to aich uther. Now lissen, darlint. I havent a cint to me name. Dad has kept me practically pinnyliss lately; but I maniged to borrer enuff to get back here. I've niver dun a stroke of work in me life, but I've a good ijjicashun—I'm yung, strong and willing. I've been offered a job out West wid a stepbruther of me muther's, and we'll go there as soon as I can rayse the munney to tak us. Oh, my little love!" ses he. "I only wish I cud take you away tonite and kape you wid me allways."

"Tak me—tak me, Harry!" ses she, clinging about his neck. "Let us go tonite."

"I wish we cud," ses he. "But look!" And he drew her into the lite of me kitchin and toorned out all his pockits and shown her how imty they was. It was then a brillyunt thort cum into the hed of Delia O'Malley.

"Mr. Harry," ses I, interrupting, "will you be excoosing me for putting a quschun?"

"What is it, Delia?" ses he kindly.

"How mooch is it ye're nading?" ses I.

He smiled.

"A few hundred only," ses he. "Just enuff for our imejit ixpinses. Its absurd, but I havent a red sint," ses he. "I'll borrer or steel it if I have to," ses he, trying to larf, the puir lad.

"Mr. Dudley," ses I, "will ye be doing a puir, loan, hard-warking girl a favor?"

"Why, certainly," ses he. "What can I do for you?"

"It's siven hundred dollars I'm after having in me stocking. I droo it oot of the bank oanly a day or two ago, fur the dummed wilth do be the bane of me existunse. Shure I'll nivver know anny pace of mind so long as I'm ritch. Mr. Mulvaney do protist that he wishes me munney soonk in hell, and Museer is after saying he loves me better than me bagatell. Its tisting the lads I'd be doing; and, ef ye'll do me the favor of accipting me bit of munney ——"

"Oh, Delia!" ses Miss Claire.

"No, no," ses Mr. Harry at wanse; but she pulled down his face, and whispered in his eer, and suddintly he toorned and beemed at me.

"Very good! Delia," ses he; "guv me the munney."

I wint into the china closet and tuk it frum me stocking -thin I brort it over to Mr. Harry. He hild on to me hand after taking it, and his voyse trimbled a bit. "Yere a foine woman," ses he, "and its a lucky chap who gets you. Your bit of munney," ses he, "will be ten times its size whin it reeches you again.

"Now, Claire, darlint," ses he, and he luks at her wid shining eyes, hers smiling back at him. "Will you go wid me—*tonite?*"

"Give me five minits" ses she, smiling saftly, "to get me hat and coat."

"Make it 2," ses he, and he let her go.

He put his watch on the table. After a sicond: "One minit!" ses he, and waches the stares. "One and a harf!" ses he, and, joost thin, the bastemint dure be rung, and I let in both Museer and Larry Mulvaney, pushing and ilboing by aich uther.

"Two minutes!" ses Mr. Harry, and thin we herd the dure on top of the bastemint steps open, and Miss Claire cum steeling down, her coat and hat in her hand.

"They are all in there rooms," ses she, wispering. Thin she seen Museer and Larry, both of thim wid there mouths and eyes gaping at Mr. Harry. He was smiling quarely, and he toorned to Museer: "Alfonse!" ses he, "ye've arrived in the nich of time. I want you," ses he; "to go back to our place and get riddy the big Pinkard. We'll be over in a sicond."

Museer bowed, but he hisitated a minit.

"Well?" ses Mr. Harry. "What are you waiting for?"

"Whare is it Museer wishes to go?" ses the Frinchman, rubbing his hands narvissly thegither, and giving a look at Miss Claire.

"To New Rosette," ses Mr. Harry smiling. "I know a parson there," ses he, "will do it in a jiffy. His name's Hammond" ses he, and thin, suddintly, he

For BRIDGE

You need make no errors with "*the hand that is down*" if you play Bridge with these new 88 Bridge Cards with "Jumbo Indexes." You can see the index figures (shown exact size in cut) across a room. This saves eye strain and prevents errors.

All leading dealers carry stocks of these cards. Ask for 88 Bridge with "Jumbo Indexes" *for only card men with these mammoth corner indexes.* The price is only 40 cents a pack.

If your dealer has no stock, send us one dollar and we will forward, postpaid, *two packs*—one red and one blue back—of these exclusive error-preventing Bridge Cards, and in the package we will include one copy each of our books "Card Games and How to Play Them" and "Entertaining With Cards" (regular price 25c each). These books tell how to entertain successfully and give rules and directions for playing all popular card games. Everyone who loves home amusements should have copies of these books, for they not only teach you how to entertain your friends but show many games which will interest the family.

We also make the famous Congress Cards, with Picture Backs printed in gold and many colors. Seven of our newest and most novel designs are shown below (though of course these cuts can give you no idea of the beautiful colors of the cards themselves).

Such cards give to every card entertainment *the touching charm of elegance.* Now, fresh cards have become a necessity at all card parties, but Congress Cards with picture backs add *distinction* to your entertainments. You can always find *novelties* in Congress Card backs because we are constantly getting out new and original designs.

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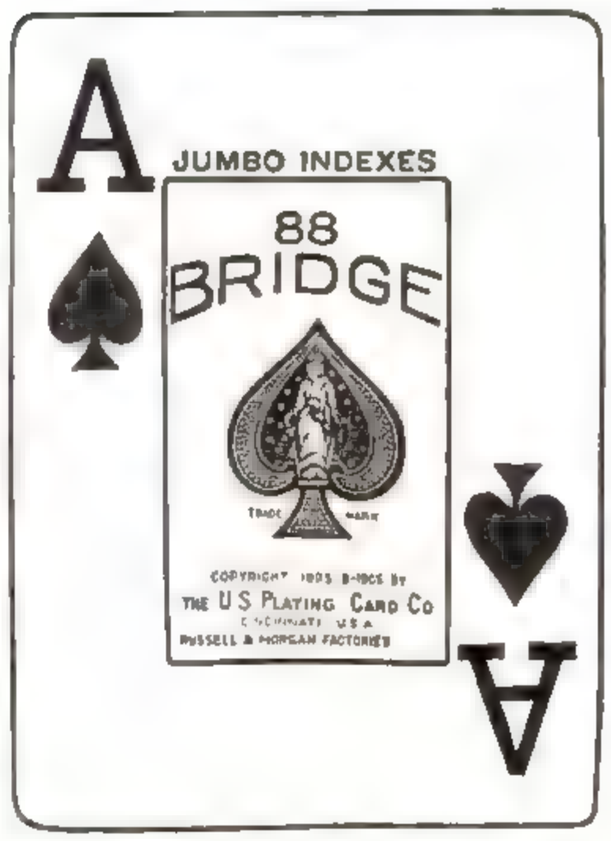

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Special April Offer

For a $2.00 bill, we will send, *postpaid*, two packs of 88 Bridge Cards, Jumbo Indexes, as shown above—(conventional backs, one red and one blue)—two packs of Congress Cards with picture backs—(make your own selection from those shown below) and one copy each of our books, "Card Games and How to Play Them" and "Entertaining With Cards."

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Congress Cards—picture backs

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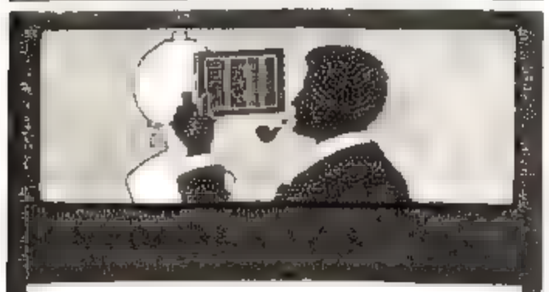

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They're even of point and uniform in quality. Good writers like Spencerian Pens because they can't put their hand on a better pen.

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We'll send you a sample card of 12 pens, 12 different patterns, upon receipt of 6 cents in postage.

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"DO YOU LIKE HONEY?"

Delicious honey taffy. Sent prepaid to any 4th zone. Regular Walnut Butter Scotch 50c pound. Sample loaves 10c. Al[illegible]

HONEY CANDY CO., ALBION, NEBRASKA

turned tord me. "And by the way, Alfonse," ses he, "puir Delia here will be ixpicting you back airly. She's lost her little forchune."

"Mon Joor! Sacrey!" ses Museer, and looked at me wid his eyes boolging out. Thin he stamped oot, swaring tarribly in Frinch.

Larry guv me wan look, thin he begun to wissel, excusing himsilf a moment after to Miss Claire.

Mr. Harry hilped Miss Claire on wid her coat, and buttoned it up snug to her chin. "For," ses he; "its cold and raining, and we have quite a trip to make," ses he.

Thin, we all started out frum the house, Mr. Dudley almost carrying Miss Claire over the wet lon, and Larry Mulvaney grasping me titely by the arm.

We got into the Dudley driveway and cum up befure the grate barn. Then we seen museer at the tillyfone. Hes spaking franticully harf in Frinch and harf in English. Mr. Harry putrifyes him wid a look, and he drapped the tillyfone and turned sowerly to the big ortermobile, pretinding to start it. Mr. Harry helped Miss Claire into the tonno, thin the Frinchman climed in frunt. Mr. Harry foosed a bit wid the masheenery, thin he joomped in beside the Frinchman, and all of a suddint he seesed the weel frum the Frinchmans hands, guv a toot to his horn, and wint flying out of the barn dure, joost as auld Mr. Dudley cum rooning frum the house waving his handa and showting:

"Alfonse! Alfonse!"

He cum into the barn farely choking wid rage. The nixt moment he seen Larry and me.

"Larry!" ses he, and he climbed into the uther masheen, standing there. "Overtake those loonyticks," ses he, "and I'll make you a ritch man."

"I will," ses Larry; "I kin beet anny Frinchman living."

I fowned me way home erloan, Larry the crool-harted miscreent wid his avoreeshus hart having obeyed the order of Mr. Dudley. As I cum into me kitchin I fownd the hole Wolley family, wid the ixcipshun of Mrs. Wolley and the babby, waiting for me.

"Whare have you been?" shouted Mr. James, and Mr. Wolley guv me a look fit to kill me.

"Theres no yuse attimting to desave us, Delia," ses Mr. John quietly, the only cam wan of the boonch. "The Dudley charfer tillyfoned us the facks a minit sense. Now, whare's Claire? I presoom," ses he, "they were stopped in time?"

"Not by a dummed site, sir," ses I, gitting turribly inraged wid the site of the thray strapping men pursooing the puir, yung, luving-harted crachures. "They've got a good start of that desateful Larry Mulvaney, and Mr. Harry himsilf has got the wheel"

Mr. Wolley let out a larf of scorn.

"Boys," ses he; "me new carbureater arrived yistyday. We'll overtake that Frinch car in harf an our."

Wid that they all wint for the barn, got out the car and in there exsitemint let me climb in wid them also.

Well, we wint spinning at a turrible spead along the auld Boston Post Road; but never a site did we get of the Dudley Frinch car.

The roads was turrible for the stiddy rains of the larst week do be cutting it up into ditches, and manny a time me hart was in me mouth feering we'd be going into the gutter. The nite was pitch dark and the ilictrick lites over harf the road being out wid the lightning.

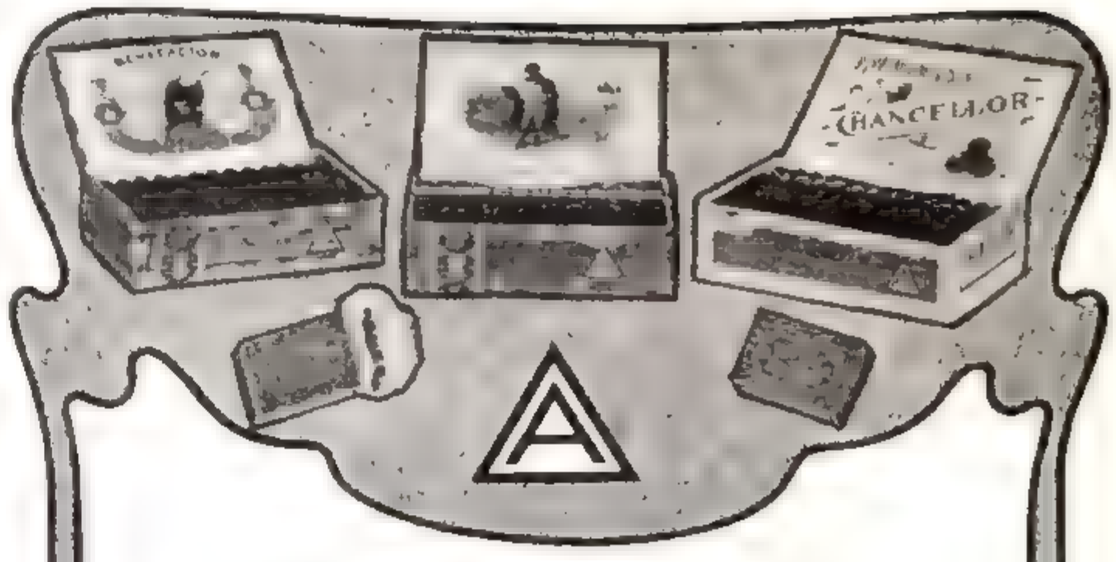
As we cam whizzing along over a wild and loansum cuntry we herd a straynge sownd, like sumwan hollering for hilp, and then we seen a lite ahed. We roon up beside it and there in the road was anuther masheen. It was so dark we cud not see the gintleman but whin I herd his voyce I guv a start.

"Can you tak me as faras New Rosette?" ses he. "I'm soaking wet and cold," ses he, "and me man dont understand the meckaneesm of this masheen."

"Climb in," ses Mr. Wolley gruffly, and he got in at the back.

We started aff again, and by and by we cam at last to New Rosette. We wint, feeling our way arowned the strates, wid the rane beeting doon upon our lether top and the thoonder and lightning litting out a crack avery wanse in a wile.

Thin, suddintly, we cam to a stop. Theres a gas lite burning in the strate, and setting back a bit from the road on a lumpy



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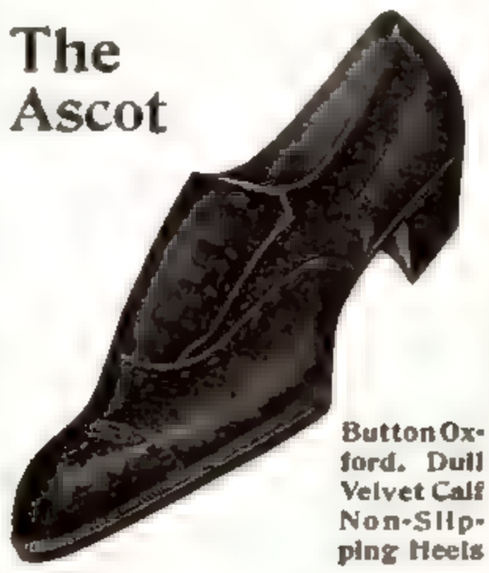

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bit of lon I seen what looked like a church and, at its very dure, indade there stud the grate Frinch ortermobile of Mr. Dudley. But neyther Miss Claire or Mr. Harry was inside it. The gintleman guv a groont, and thin ses he: "Excuse me, sir, allow me to get out here."

Mr. Wolley has turned about, and now he leened over the back of the seet and stuck his face close up to his gest's. Thin, at wanse, they recknised aich other. The boys too soospicted the trooth at wanse. Mr. Dudley himsilf was for joomping clane out of the masheen, but Mr. John opened the dure wid dignuty, and perlitely hilped him to alite.

We wint, all walking up the path to the choorch, and we cud see theres a bit of lite burning inside. We wint into the holy place, which is all very still and quiet wid only a bit of dim lite up neer the altar; but under the lite we sor the luvvers, neeling side be side.

Neyther Mr. Dudley or Mr. Wolley spoke a wurd. They joost stud back and let the praste finish the wurds. Thin, I seen two gintlemen stip forward an reckynised them wid horrow—Musseer and Larry Mulvaney. The latter seen us at the same time, and he cum, smiling frum eer to eer, up to Mr. Dudley, while the yung cupple stud still wid hands in aich uthers, looking wid smiling faces at their fathers, joost as if indade they were after ixpicting us.

"Mr. Dudley," ses Larry; "ye'll not be haulding it aginst me for me thrick. I boasted," ses he, "that I cud beet the Frinchman, and I did" ses he, "me frate being lite. It was no brake-down ye were after being in on the road," ses he. "I simply doomped ye there," ses he; "to guv the yung fokes time. Besides," ses he; "Delia there made a hyer bid for me sarvisses. All the welth in the world," ses he, "cuddent bye me frum me pinnyliss darlint."

Mr. Dudley's silint, but he kipt his eyes stiddily on the yung fokes; then suddintly he hild out his hand to Mr. Wolley.

"I'm afrade, sir," ses he, "that *luv* has won the race!"

Mr. James was acting strayngely. He wint down the isle in harf a duzzen strydes. He brort his hand down wid a thoomp on Mr. Harry's back; then he toorned on his sister and guv her a smacking kiss.

"Claire!" ses he; "ye've made me insanely happy."

She smiled, and Mr. Harry guv a larf.

"I oonderstand, auld chap," ses he; "and here's a bit of prujent advice. Do as I did, tak the first steemer which will carry you her-wurds."

"By jove, I will!" ses Mr. James; "I'll accipt the Londun corryspondint job tomorrow."

By this time the hole family wuz crowding about the yung fokes, and Mr. Dudley wuz after kissing the bride and bridegroom too; and both her and Mr. Wolley look as ef they's blow there noses hard; but seeing they're in choorch it mite not be perlite.

The teers run down me nose, and wan of thim sploshed on Larry's hand; for I seen him look at it a moment. Thin he whispered in me eer.

"Come, auld girl" ses he; "hop into the little masheen, which is joost around the corney. Maybe," ses he, "we can injuce sum sinsible praste to do us a like favor tonite."

And so we wint sneeking out thegither, wid only the Frinchman to obsarve us, and he wid his mouth gaping open and smiling a bit beside; for Mr. Harry do be after giving him the hole of me forchune to act as witniss.

"But dont you be after wurrying, swatehart," ses Larry Mulvaney; "for tho ye're puir yersilf now, darlint, its a ritch man I'll be air long, wid the grand promisses of Mr. Harry."

"Ah, go wan, Larry Mulvaney!" ses I, guving him a squaze of his arm; "its only a bit of a thrick I've been playing ye, me wanting to tist yere troo luv for me or me with. It was oanly a loan I'm making Mr. Harry, and its hivvy intrest the lad will be after paying on me savings."

(THE END)

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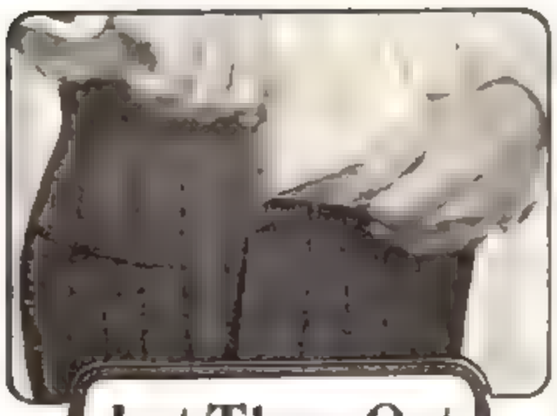

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Hughes—A Potential President

(Concluded from Page 2)

Legislature has wisely decided that, even if there is no disposition to be a boss now, any man who has shown such complete independence might jump in and use a club on the Legislature at any time, and there are tender heads among that collection of lawmakers.

Many professional observers speak of the "luck" of Hughes. It is pointed out that, like President Roosevelt, things always come his way. "Take that Wendel resignation matter," they say; "why, it is necessary in the Adjutant-General's department to sign the Governor's name with a rubber stamp hundreds of times a day. This resignation came along, and the rubber stamp was used. That is all there is to it, so far as that goes. But it gave Hughes an opening, and he jumped in.

"He said he didn't sign the order, and he didn't, and the people got up and applauded him."

That may have been luck, or it may not have been. The resignation of an officer in the National Guard, who was under charges of grafting, was accepted, and the rubber stamp for the Governor's name used, without consulting him. The Governor revoked the acceptance instantly. He said he hadn't signed it, and he wouldn't sign it until the officer was cleared or convicted. He got the applause from the people, to be sure, but there doesn't seem to be much luck about it.

At this distance it appears to be an action dictated by hard sense and devotion to his oath of office.

Hughes was fortunate in getting results from his gas and insurance investigations. He was fortunate in not tying up with any politicians when his name was mentioned for the nomination for Governor. He was fortunate to be the centre of a condition that demanded his nomination. He was fortunate in his opponent. He was fortunate in that he had to make no promises before he was named, and he was fortunate in the opposition of many persons in his own party. There was no luck about it, however.

Hughes would never have been nominated if there had been any way out for the desperate politicians who make up the Republican machine in New York. They didn't want him. He would never have been elected if thousands of Democrats had not voted for him. His personality compelled the nomination, and the personality of his opponent compelled his election. He fitted into a situation. It wasn't luck. It was the logical working out of certain definite facts.

In a larger sense, those facts are as potent now as when Hughes was elected Governor. The conditions that made the people of New York turn to him are national, as well as local. He knows that. So do many others who are watching his career with a speculative eye as to the Republican National Convention that will meet in the early summer in 1908.

It cannot be said, justly, that Hughes is using his office with a Presidential nomination in view, but it can be said that he is not doing anything to make such a nomination impossible.

He has laid down lines that will bring to him increasing admiration from the people of the country, as well as from the people of New York.

Whether he is a factor in the next Presidential contest rests largely with himself. If he goes ahead the way he has started he will attract much attention.

Governor Hughes is plainly a potential President.

He or She?

A CORRESPONDENT had business at the Italian Embassy in Washington. He rang the bell and a gaudy butler came to the door.

"Is the Ambassador in?" he asked.

There was no answer.

"Is the Ambassador in?"

The gaudy butler stared and smiled.

"Is the Ambassador in?"

No reply.

"Say," said the perplexed correspondent, "I mean is Excellenza in?"

"Ah!" said the butler, his face lighting up. "Excellenza he or Excellenza she?"

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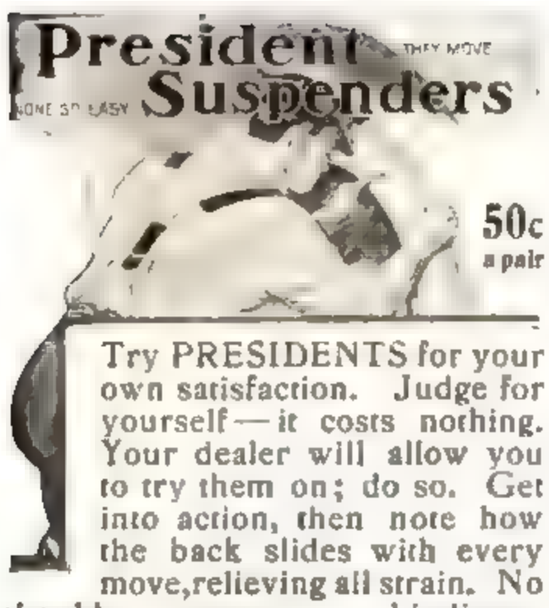

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The Cave Man

(Continued from Page 14)

"You mean to fight us in the market for control," Penrhyn answered with quiet assurance, "to put me out of office, and Mr. Sears?"

It was the one idea of all others that Wistar most wanted to foster. "I offered you a fight," he answered. "You will get it."

"But, Stanley!" Judith cried. "We *promised* to stand with Mr. Wistar—to stand *by* him! Whatever you do, I shall keep our promise." With a quick movement she tore the papers across, and tore them again.

Wistar's heart leaped to his throat. In a close fight for control, as she had said, the few hundred shares that made up her little fortune might have turned the scale; but the time was past when they could be of any service to him. But what she had done meant more to him than if she had given him the balance of power. Tears streamed to his eyes, and to hide them he turned without a word and left the room.

When he had gone she faced Penrhyn, a question on her lips. But before she could utter it he said: "I have a lot to tell to you; but just now they need me in the Street. Good-by!" And he, too, left her.

XXXIII

WHEN the story of Wistar's manipulation of the market in American Motor became history he was given credit for one of the brainiest and most subtle turns in the recent chronicles of the Street. But the fact was that chance, at once the idol and the terror of the speculator, paved the way for him.

The market, though strong and active on the whole, had been fluctuating in a manner for which the financial writers of the daily press found it impossible to find an explanation—or, rather, to find the same explanation, for they accounted for it on widely different grounds. Then at the very hour in which the executive committee was in stormy session, a rumor became current that the "progressive" faction in the board of directors was about to take command, and by reversing Wistar's conservative policy would strengthen the hold of the combination on the industry and increase its earnings. A sharp advance at once took place, both in the volume of trading and in the price of sales; and, lambs being of the nature of sheep, the advance, as frequently happens, attracted the speculative public. No combination of circumstances could have been more fortunate.

From the outset, though Wistar sold largely, his opponents and the public bought more. The price of the stocks not only held firm, but increased, on the whole, steadily. Penrhyn, meanwhile, with a recent and vivid impression of Wistar's calibre as a fighting man, easily mistook the activity for evidence that he was buying.

The fact remained, however, that as Wistar lay in his bed with the telephone beside him, he managed the situation with admirable skill. Almost daily he was beset by the financial reporters with requests for an interview. At first he refused to see them, plausibly alleging his illness. But, presently, he decided to ask them up and submit to their questions. Bismarck used his reputation for diplomatic mendacity to make truth serve him in lieu of falsehood, blinding the world to what he intended by proclaiming it in precise terms. Wistar's reputation was for stern and uncompromising honesty of purpose, and the speculative world was all the more inclined to rely on it, because it regarded him as having the dullness as well as the honesty of conservatism. The advantage he took of the reporters was thoroughly Bismarckian.

Necessary as it was to make Penrhyn believe that he was buying with a view to the control, he feared that if the public became convinced of this it would withdraw from the market, dreading the reaction that follows a factitious upward movement. He answered the reporters' questions with the outward aspect of a truth-teller. When they asked if there was not a party bent on reversing his policy, he admitted that there was; and when they asked if he were not fighting in the market to defeat it, he answered that he was not—that he had tried this and found it impossible. He neglected to say, however, just what he was doing. If the activity is its effect, then this was a whopper.

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The press credited Wistar with telling the lily-white truth, and gave the impression that he had thrown up the sponge. Financial editors are not always unbiased observers. When a big company is floated considerable blocks of stock not infrequently find the way into their possession. Such gifts are managed delicately and diplomatically. No service is ever asked in return, no obligation hinted at. But now the writers for the press, with whom the promoters of American Motor had been liberal, confirmed the antique observation of Caius J. Cæsar, the first great American and originator of the double cross at bluff, that people easily believe what they wish to believe. For a long time they kept themselves and their readers firm in the conviction that Wistar had withdrawn from the conflict, and that an era was at hand of increased earnings, and—what is even more alluring—of increased dividends and a consequent rise in the price of the stock.

Penrhyn, on the other hand, magnanimously gave Wistar credit for an able and useful bluff, and continued to buy; and this also was what Wistar had counted on. The commonest fallacy in clever men is to read in others their own particular motives and methods. When, weeks afterward, it became known that a plain man's single white lie had served the purpose of two such notable deceptions, there was admiration and envy in the temples of legitimized thimble-rigging.

To maintain the attitude of strife, Wistar and Billy had at the outset drawn up a call for proxies—a circular letter, which they distributed among the stockholders, large and small. It stated in general but forcible terms the nature of the issue, and solicited all who were honorable and patriotic to delegate to Wistar the power of voting their stock. The two had great joy in concocting this letter, and greater when they received the few answers to it. Admiration was expressed for Wistar's principles, and sympathy for his prospective defeat. But even of those who took the trouble to write not one in ten declared for his side.

Billy divided the letters into various piles, which he labeled with the characters of their senders. There were orphans acting by advice of attorney, male orphans, who thus showed that they had reached years of discretion. There were pillars of society and pillars of the church. One letter from a Fifth Avenue clergyman was so long and so very explanatory that Billy gave it a place by itself and called it Gibraltar, because, in the words of a university wit, it was such a windy bluff.

Miss Peters, meantime, caught their spirit, and developed a lively interest in the ticker, which had been installed on the side of the bed opposite the telephone. Wistar jocularly advised her to try a flyer, boasting shamelessly that he had a sure thing.

"Would it be immoral?" she asked. "What would the priest say—if I won just enough to buy my fall hat?"

"It would be no more immoral than hats are inartistic," Wistar assured her.

She gave him the money, and he placed it for her. When she produced the hat she asked him if he thought it very inartistic. It had a cup where the crown should have been, and the cup was surrounded by roses, which raked backward and upward to a portentous altitude.

"It looks like a golf hole on a bunker," he said. "By all the canons of art, it is a monstrosity." On a second glance he added, "But it becomes you wonderfully." This was, indeed, true, for, as Wistar now philosophized, women have a way of redeeming their offenses against the canons of logic in art, as they do those against the austerer moral code—even of shining by means of them.

The incident reminded him of the old matter of Judith's clothes. Her last chance of rehabilitating them was now gone. The very sum he had diverted into this roof garden of Miss Peters' was derived, as it were, from her. And when poverty came, he could not help reflecting, it would not lessen her danger from Penrhyn.

Miss Peters was so pleased with her first operation in what was, in one sense at least, high finance, that she took a second flyer—this time to buy seats for Saturday matinées. "That at least is artistic!" she said.

Reminded of the phrase, Wistar again turned it over in his mind, this time with reference to himself. As the weeks went

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(For fashion plate in colors, see "*Collier's*" for March 30th)

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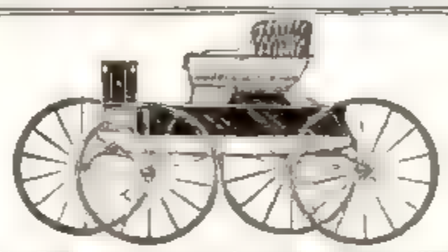

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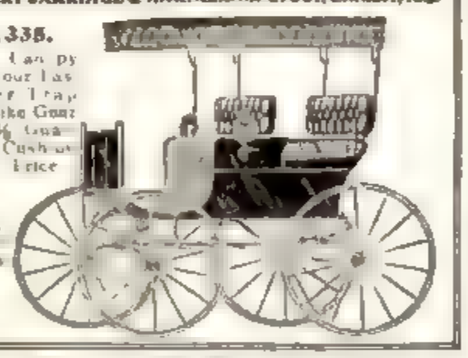

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by, steadily healing the wound in his side, and as steadily diminishing his holdings and increasing those of his enemies, he felt thoroughly the artist in market manipulation.

His little turn in the Street had, in fact, netted him many round millions. And far from feeling immoral, as he would have judged himself two years ago, he had a decided sensation of the elation of skill and power. Perhaps, after all, women were not the only ones.

But even luck and skill combined could not forever maintain the game Wistar was playing. There came an end to the resources of the speculative public, and with it an end to Penrhyn's delusion. Prices tumbled and—what is not always the same thing—it seemed likely that values had crumbled.

By this time Wistar was on his feet again. One evening Billy, who had fallen into the way of dining with him at the club, broached the matter of his wedding. It was to be by moonlight on the lawn of the Sears' summer cottage, and the rehearsal, a month in advance, was already at hand. May, whom Billy had told little or nothing of the recent course of affairs for fear that he might have to tell her everything, had insisted that Wistar keep his promise to be best man.

In reply, Wistar reminded Billy of their business predicament. Only a small fraction of their holdings of stock remained, and now, if ever, it was necessary to come out and sell in the open—to make their final assault upon the stronghold of the enemy. It was the grand finish for which they had been steadily working, but the nearer they were to the victory, the more keenly they felt the penalty it brought to them both.

"Intending what we intend," Wistar wound up by asking, "have I the right to become their guest?"

Billy thought a while. "It isn't up to us. It's up to them."

"But Mr. Sears? You know, the last time he failed—he tried to kill himself. How is he taking this present run in?"

Billy became very serious. "You should have seen his face last night. I never saw but one face like it."

"Dejected—crushed?"

"Not just that. It reminded me of a man in college named Riggs. He'd been trying for the 'Varsity eleven three years—crazy about football from a kid, but not quite good enough. His senior year they gave him his chance—end rush. He used to sing and dance all over the dressing-rooms. Then a freshman came out—played all round him. Riggs went pale, and the lines came about his mouth. His eyes looked sick. But his nerves only stiffened, and he played the game of his life." Billy paused.

"So that he kept his position?"

"No. Had to change with the freshman. He broke down—went to pieces—cried like a bull-pup all over the place." Tears came to Billy's eyes at the memory.

"A friend of yours?" Wistar asked with sympathy.

"Yes. That is, I was the freshman. Every time I went through him it made me faint and sick. But I had to play the game."

"I stand with you," said Wistar, "and I'll stand up with you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

White House Tales

CECIL LYON, Texan, rancher, bosom friend of the President and Republican National Committeeman, was complaining of his hard luck.

"I was invited over to the White House to luncheon," he said, "and I had some things I wanted to talk to the President about. I found a man and his wife there who had just returned from a hunting trip in Africa.

"When I tried to get in a word the man told of an experience when a lion crept into a sleeping-car one night and grabbed the sleeper in upper six and carried him off. Just as I had butted in again the woman told a story of a train that a rhinoceros ran into one afternoon, throwing a man out of his seat.

"Then I quit.

"That kind of conversation was too interesting to the President to let me get in one of my poor wolf stories edgeways, and I never did get a chance to talk to him."

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All the Music

Double the Volume

Given by ANY Other, and

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The Phonograph Perfected

Here's the reason why for the superiority of the Duplex over all other phonographs.—Suppose you tried to make a bass drum with only *one* side. The one side would vibrate—it would make a sound when you struck it with the drum stick, but it would be a mighty *weak*, flat, muffled sound. Now suppose you collected the sound waves from *one* side of this *one*-sided bass drum. You would get still less sound for you would have *wasted* the sound waves from the *other* side. That is just the way with *all* phonographs—except the Duplex—all other phonographs have but *one* vibrating diaphragm and all the sound they get comes from one side of the one diaphragm. *Half* the sound is *wasted* and what you do hear is comparatively flat and muffled.

Now the Duplex has *two* vibrating diaphragms to produce the sound—just as a good bass drum has *two* sides. And the Duplex also has *two* horns to amplify the sound from *both* sides of *both* diaphragms. That's *why* the Duplex is the only phonograph that gives you all the sound—*all the music*—full, clear, pure, sweet, *natural*—more nearly like the original music than is reproduced by any other mechanical means ever dreamed of.

By using two diaphragms we are enabled to dispense with the tension spring necessary in the old "one-sided" one-diaphragmed phonograph. It is this tension spring in the old-fashioned phonograph that is the direct cause of that *squeaking*, metallic sound. None of this with the Duplex because it has no use for a tension spring. Our

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Duplex Phonograph Company
143 Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Model D. C. $450

A **Service Car** built to stand the wear and tear of business. The cost of one team the work of three. Capacity 600 pounds. Speed 4 to 18 miles an hour. With 2 cylinder 8 H. P. Motor $500.

Waltham MOTOR CARS

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Dept. 2 Detroit, Mich

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A lighting system that outshines gas or electricity, and costs only one-fifth as much. A full 300-candle power lamp in every room in the house, at a cost of less than ½c per hour.

Artistic fixtures that will add beauty and dignity to any home; a large assortment to choose from. The system is very simple in operation, and you can install it yourself in a few hours, with the aid of a screwdriver, without marring the walls or decorations.

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You can earn money in your spare time by selling Ann Arbor Lighting Systems, and individual lamps. Systems sell from $10 up. Lamps from $3 to $15. Everybody who sees them wants them. Our catalogs illustrate and describe them perfectly; write for a copy today and state if you wish agents' terms.

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$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $135.00

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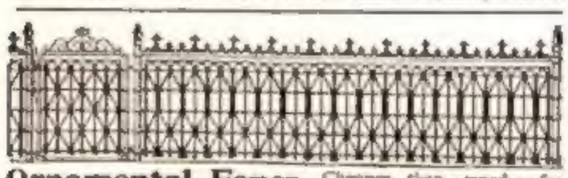

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IN 1 MONTH

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Taught by mail; guaranty contract; system simple, speedy, accurate. Men and women shorthand writers in demand. Send for free booklet; tells how; gives proof.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Indiana.

THE LOST CONTRACT

(*Continued from Page 9*)

"Newspaper talk!" said Dustin contemptuously. "The indictment amounts to nothing."

"The Government might turn up with that Westover contract, you know," said Brady. "With all this hullabaloo about rebates going on, you wouldn't get off lightly."

So Brady had heard the contract was lost! That thought flashed into Dustin's brain. Brady himself was not quite so urbane now. His gray eyes looked very businesslike. Dustin held them steadily with his own. "There isn't any Westover contract; never was one," he answered. It was a cast of the die.

"I disagree with you," Brady replied quietly.

They had scarcely changed their tones or their postures. Yet the polite pretenses had all fallen away, leaving them stripped, shoulder to shoulder. Looking steadily into Brady's eyes, Dustin comprehended that, if his own eyelash fluttered now, Brady would be on top of him in a moment.

"There is no contract," he repeated.

Brady bent forward a little, and his large hand, resting on his knee, gently folded into a fist. "You can't bluff me, Dustin. Don't try it," he said, low.

"I'll give you forty dollars a share for Tidewater," Dustin replied. "Otherwise, I'll close with Spofford at noon to-morrow."

Mr. Brady paused a moment, his cold, gray eyes boring menacingly at the other. "See here, Dustin, don't crowd too hard," he said. "I don't want to see you in the penitentiary. It would hurt the general situation too much. If you close with Spofford it will be the last act of your railroad career. Why do you insist on a fight? You and I can get along all right if you'll treat me decently."

It sounded quite magnanimous. At any rate, it offered a good line of retreat. Dustin understood that. But he hated this man. It was time for a show-down—he under Brady's thumb or Brady under his thumb; one or the other soundly licked. That subtle and heady air which he had inhaled on the Avenue arose anew to his brain.

"Now you're bluffing, Brady," he said calmly. "You can't get your mind off that contract. It's a dead card. Tidewater at forty, or I close with Spofford at noon to-morrow."

Brady arose. "We shall see," he said, "if that's the last word."

"The last word," said Dustin.

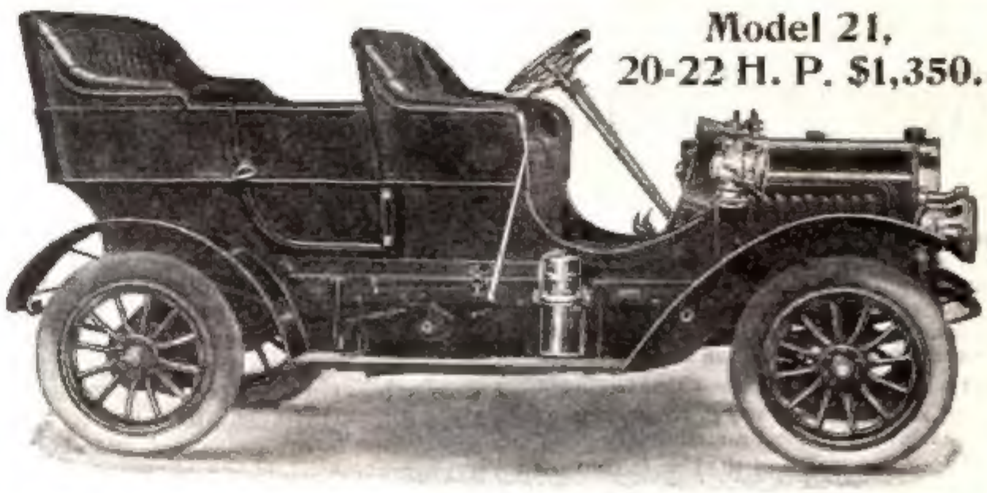
A moment later he stood alone in the room—and very thoughtful. Now that it was over he was rather frightened. That one fatal chance of the contract did undeniably stand out against him. He might have temporized—put it off until they could search again. Abruptly he realized what it would mean to be convicted, sentenced to prison. His overdrawn nerves turned a bit sick. But if he should call Brady back now it would be to go under his thumb. There were spells during the evening, and in the night, when he felt that, taking it altogether, it would be pleasanter living under Brady's thumb than living in jail. Twice or thrice he thought of Wistrom with a singular acuteness. If only Wistrom could reappear, and lay his good, fat, never-failing hand on that contract!

In the morning he was both chastened and profoundly irritated. Perhaps he had made a big mistake in crowding Brady so hard. But, for the life of him, he couldn't turn back now. Such was the habit of his will. He must doggedly stand his ground.

A little after ten Blaine came in to say that Placey had just telephoned. He and Schlessinger were coming over at half-past ten, and wished to see Mr. Dustin then. Usually Placey and Schlessinger consulted Mr. Dustin's convenience in such cases. Now they simply sent word that they were coming. This put some of the fire back into Dustin's blood. Of course, Brady had been to see them. Maybe they were coming up to champion Brady's cause. Well, he had never yet laid down, no matter how stiff the fight. It nerved him anew.

"Let me know the minute they come," he said, with a certain biting relish.

For one moment he faced the possibility that they might be coming to tell him that Brady had his hands on that contract.



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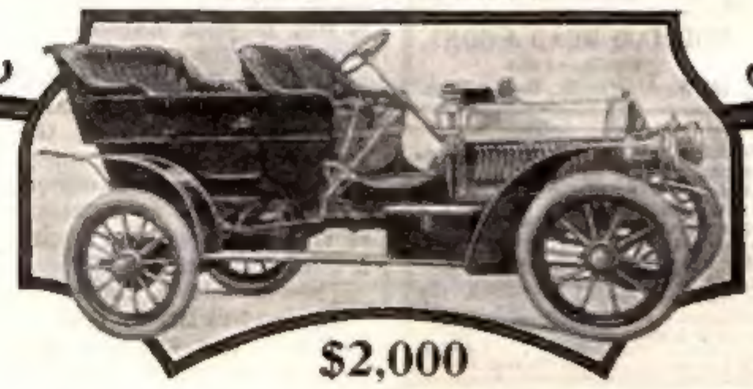

$2,000

The New Gillette Blade

(1907 Make)

We want every Gillette user to try the new Gillette Blade (1907 Make), no matter how well he's been pleased with Gillette blades of previous years. And we want every non-Gillette user to try the new blade and learn of a truer and keener shaving edge than he's ever known in a strop razor.

It's not a new model but a new make.

It is the result of two years' continuous and costly research by able steel metallurgists.

It is of the finest iron and the iron is converted into steel according to a new high carbon Gillette formula by the most skillful steel makers in the steel business. The layman will more readily understand the fineness of this new blade steel when it is explained that it costs 9 times the price paid for strop razor steel.

And these new blades are tempered by an improved, automatic, tempering method, which hardens them, not superficially but from side to side, from end to end, from surface to bottom, and hardens them to a degree of hardness only 20% less hard than the hardest known substance—the diamond—and brittles them to almost the brittleness of glass (break one), and distributes the hardness and brittleness so evenly and so uniformly that the blades are equally hard and equally brittle at every point. This unusual hardness and brittleness are due partially to the paper thinness of the blade (6/10000ths of an inch), as the thinner the blade the harder it can be tempered. This paper thin blade is an exclusive Gillette patent found in no other razor.

Then the sharp edges of the new blade are put on by automatic sharpening machines. Other razors boast of hand sharpening. Bottomless boast! Hands are weak, trembly, inaccurate, get tired, vary. But the Gillette grinding, honing, and stropping machines used on this new blade are powerful, steady, exact, tireless, uniform—hence work on a nearly unvarying edge and a much truer and keener edge than the old-fashioned hand-sharpened strop razor edge to which you are probably accustomed.

And these new (1907 Make) blades are expertly tested for seven defects and must split a hanging human hair before they're enveloped and sealed in damp-proof paper from factory to you with this inspector's ticket enclosed: "Should any blades in this package prove unsatisfactory, return them by mail with this ticket and explicit criticism."

In next month's ads. we'll explain why the new (1907 Make) blades are uniform and the same in hardness and keenness.

If you're not a Gillette user you ought to get one on thirty days' free trial and give it a thorough test. Most dealers make this offer. If yours doesn't, we will. It will prove itself. Costs about 2 cents per shave first year, and about ½ of a cent per shave subsequent years for blades.

Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades, $5.00. Extra Blades 10 for 50 cents.

Gillette Razors and Blades sold by Drug, Cutlery and Hardware dealers everywhere.

Send for The Science of Shaving to-day. It is being read by thousands now and has gone through three editions in sixty days. It is worth its weight in gold to any man who doesn't wear a beard. A postal will bring you a copy, prepaid.

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THE HAPPY THOUGHT *Hatches* and *broods* chicks at the same time. Automatic heat, ventilation and moisture. Ten cents worth of oil will hatch every fertile egg. Greatest machine ever offered for the money. $6.50 buys 50-egg size, $9.50 the 100-egg machine. Any one can use it. Order one today. Send for catalog—learn how it works.

Brooder-Incubator $6.50

New Method Incubator Co. 140 W. Main St., Morrow, Ohio

He spoke not only decisively, but also bitingly. The others, staring up at him, realized that he was, in fact, the lord of luck—the same subtle, daring, invincibly fortunate Dustin.

"I guess it will bring him into camp," said Placey sententiously.

Back in his own room, Dustin tore the contract into fine bits and sowed them into the waste-basket. The episode was ended—with himself more than ever on top of the heap. Yet it was not quite ended, either ——

The youth stuck in his memory—a fine, fresh, likable young fellow. Wistrom's son, too. He had no son of his own. He would like to do something for Wistrom's boy. He wondered over the youth's rigid, uncompromising aloofness. He must be too sensible to hold resentment on account of the brusque treatment he had received the morning before, when a highway to fortune was opened before him. It couldn't be that he had derived a prejudice from his father.

As Dustin was wondering, a brand-new thought that came from somewhere quite outside of himself struck him abruptly. This entirely alien thought was: "The boy read that contract. He knows that you are guilty as charged in the indictment. He judges you and turns his back upon you. It wounds him that, in your service, his father had a hand in such things."

The chairman would have cast out this impractical thought if he could. But it persisted. He could read a confirmation of it in his recollection of the youth's face and manner. He experienced a searching and most singular desire to see the boy again and explain to him how such manœuvres were necessary in carrying out the larger strategies of finance. But he comprehended that the boy wouldn't understand—would still say, "Guilty."

His desk was piled with work, and for almost the first time in his life he had no stomach for it. He found himself thinking, inconsequently, "Sixty-three years old in August." He felt lonesome. Then he gave himself an impatient shake. "True, I'm getting old!" he thought, with a grim sarcasm, and bent to the work.

The Man Who Lives on His Nerves

(Concluded from Page 5)

account. His nervous principal being spent, he borrowed what he thought was nervous capital. The heavy interest increased daily; he had to pay it—and the result was moral bankruptcy.

Don't blame Brown's wife for sending Brown to the dogs. Remember, if Brown had spent more time with his wife and less time night and day trying to get the better of a business rival, he might have had a little home instead of a gilded kennel. He did not intend to neglect his wife or his home, but the moment he commenced to live on his nerves home had no speed attractions for him.

A prominent man visited me one night with his wife. It was the same familiar appeal: "Oh, Doctor, just brace me up for a few months. I'll go mad if you don't do something for me. I don't want any advice about giving up and going away. All the doctors I have consulted have told me to do that. It's out of the question. I want medical treatment so I can get down to work. I just want to make a little more; then I promise you I'll go away."

I tried to get him to remain a few days under observation, but he could not stay away from business. He would go and find some doctor who would understand him, some one who would give him medical treatment. A week after this conversation his body was found in the bay.

It is not remarkable that there are so many domestic tragedies. To one who sees the neglected wife, even the bride, and then witnesses the aged—aged in vitality, not years—husband constantly inebriated from nerve dissipation, it is strange there are not more broken homes.

Along with the fear a financial official has of being the victim of his employees, who have lost their moral balance through living on their nerves, must be placed the danger of the defeated, the paranoiac and even the discontented artisan. All these may become infected with the conditions surrounding them. Given such individuals who have unbalanced nervous systems, and the impulse for money overpowers all sense of right, and they become bomb-throwers.

Then he was aware that Blaine lingered in the room, and he looked up impatiently. The secretary slid up to the desk and laid a card upon it.

"He was up here twice yesterday," he explained nervously. "I told him you were busy. He says it's important."

Dustin stared down at the card, which bore a printed name and a penciled line beneath. "What does he want?" he asked.

"He doesn't say; says it's for you personally," Blaine replied.

Again Dustin considered the card. Temperament, long habit and many disillusioning experiences made him bristle like a hedgehog against people who wanted to waste his time; bore him with projects that didn't interest him; try to work him for "tips" or subscriptions to orphan asylums. And, if the person were one who might set up some specious claim to his consideration, he bristled all the more. He wasn't running an eleemosynary institution. He hesitated to say "No," however. Finally, with a slight shrug, he said: "Well, show him in."

When the young man entered Dustin recognized him. It was the youth who had waylaid him in the office the day before and whom he had seen on the walk by his house. It came to him instantly that the girl he had seen in the train was his sister. The family likeness was striking. And, by an odd, backward action of the mind, Dustin realized that he had known who they were when first he saw them—that is, he had been just on the point of knowing. But he had impatiently shut it down. He realized this now, and the realization rather embarrassed him.

"So you are Felix Wistrom's son," he said, quite kindly.

"Yes, sir," said the youth. In one hand he held his hat; in the other a folded paper which he had drawn from his pocket. "Father told me to give this to you."

Dustin took the paper, but did not unfold it. There was no need.

"Before father died he told us to put it in your own hands—not to give it to anybody else. We got back from California day before yesterday." The young man made the explanation very stiffly.

"H'm. Your father left you comfortably provided for?" Dustin uttered the intimation as gently as he could.

"Yes, sir," the son replied. He turned his hat uneasily in his hand. Dustin perceived that, having done his errand, he wished to get out as soon as possible. If his blue eyes were not exactly hostile, they were at least uncompromisingly aloof. He was a very likable-looking chap—fresh, strong, well-set-up. The old man saw in him a fine youth facing life. Besides, he was Wistrom's son.

"How would you like to go in for railroading?" Dustin asked abruptly. Under the circumstances it was a great offer.

"I shouldn't like it, sir. I'm going to study medicine," said the youth politely, but in a very conclusive way.

Dustin slightly elevated his eyebrows and turned to the desk. "Well, if there's anything I can do for you at any time," he said benevolently.

"Thank you," the young man replied, and backed out.

Dustin was not used to having comparatively poor youths, at the threshold of their careers, rebuff him. It didn't fit in with his conception of himself as a master of fortunes whom the whole country envied. He felt disturbed.

Not long afterward Blaine appeared to say that Placey and Schlessinger had come. A slight and grim smile bent Dustin's lip as he picked up the folded paper and went to the committee-room. He saw at once that his fellow-committeemen were somewhat agitated.

"Of course, Dustin, you can play your own hand in your own way," Placey began. "But I want you to consider what you're doing in pushing Brady into a corner this way. He declares that Westover contract is not in your hands and not destroyed. Now, you know ——"

"Just a minute," said Dustin. He unfolded the paper and laid it before them. They stared down at the lost contract. Placey took the document in his hands; read it through; examined the signatures; and looked up at Dustin with something of the dumb wonder a child shows over a feat of legerdemain.

Dustin laid a finger on the contract. "You go tell Brady what you've seen here. Tell him, too, that he can fish or cut bait by twelve o'clock."

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Keeps the nails in perfect shape—Removes and prevents hangnails—Cannot get out of order—Does its work quickly and well—Always sharp and ready for use—Small enough to carry in the pocket or purse. The slickest little article you ever saw.

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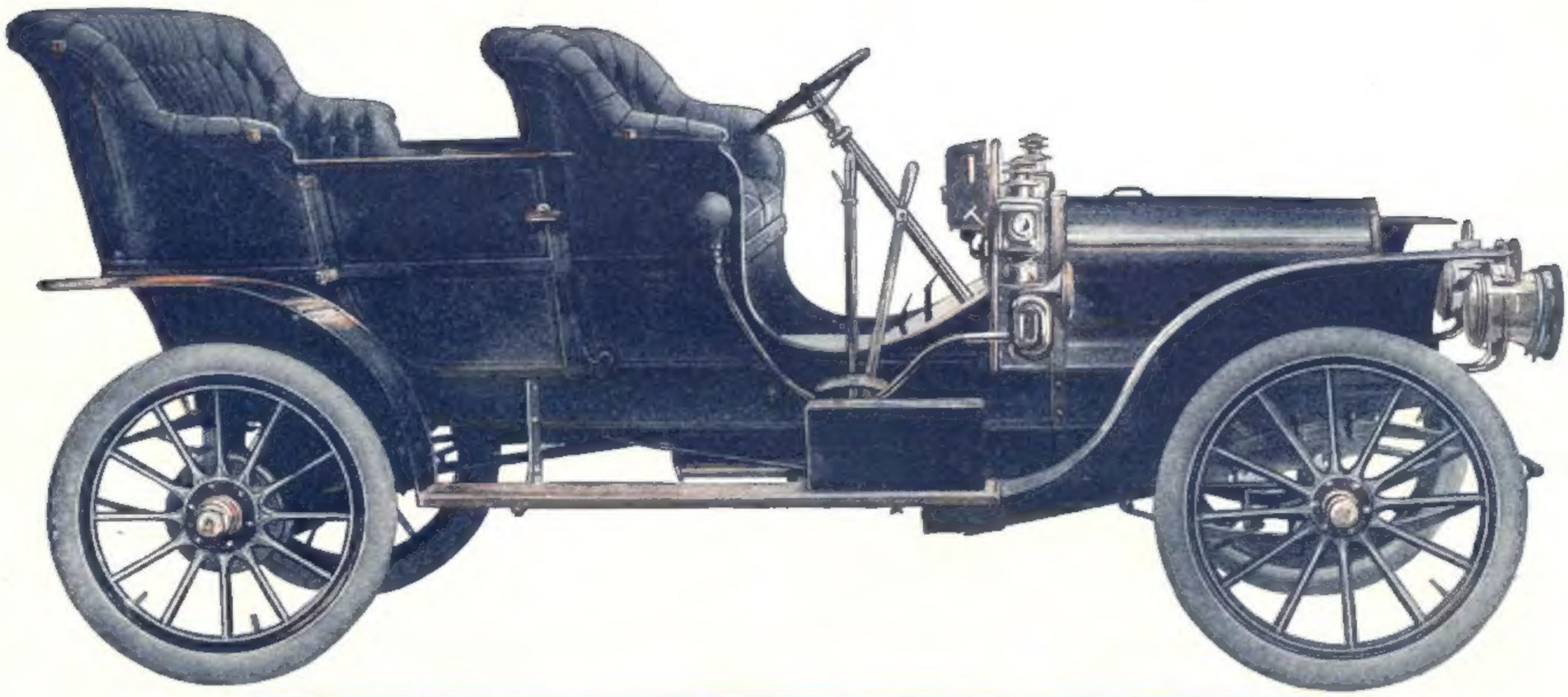

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